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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME VIII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1880, TO MAY, 1881.



CONTENTS OF PART I, VOLUME VIII.

	PAGE.
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION. The (Illustrated).....	Harlan H. Ballard..... 28, 332
APRIL FIRST. Karl's.....	Jenny Marsh Parker..... 442
ARCHERY CONTEST. The (Illustrated by R. Birch).....	Sir Walter Scott..... 480
ARISTOCRATIC OLD GNU. An Verses.....	Margaret Vandegrift..... 153
ARISTOCRATS SAILED AWAY. How the (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Frank R. Stockton..... 194
ART AND ARTISTS. Stories of (Illustrated).....	Clara Erskine Clement..... 187, 399
BAD BEGINNING, BUT A GOOD ENDING. A Verses. (Illustrated).....	Margaret Eyttinge..... 365
BRIER-ROSE. Poem. (Illustrated by Robert Lewis).....	Hjalmar H. Boyesen..... 231
BUFFALOES. Will Crocker and the (Illustrated by Geo. Inness, Jr.).....	F. Marshall White..... 136
BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Palmer Cox..... 38
CAPTAIN'S GIG. The Crew of the (Illustrated by } H. P. Share and M. J. Burns)..... }	Sophie Swett..... i
CHICKADEE. Poem.....	Henry Ripley Dorr..... 340
CHILDREN'S FAN BRIGADE. The (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	Ella S. Cummins..... 182
CHILLY FAMILY. The Sad Story of the (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	E. T. Corbett..... 62
CHINESE STORY FOR TRANSLATION. A Picture. Drawn by.....	Adelia B. Beard..... 407
CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON. A (Illustrated by V. } Nehlig)..... }	Washington Gladden..... 118
COCHINEAL. The (Illustrated by W. McKay Laffan).....	L. M. Peterselia..... 438
CONSISTENCY. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Margaret Vandegrift..... 389
COOPER AND THE WOLVES. The (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	Hjalmar H. Boyesen..... 446
COREAN CHILDREN. The Games and Toys of (Illustrated).....	William Elliot Griffis..... 126
COUSIN CHARLEY'S STORY. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Mary Hallock Foote..... 271
CREW OF THE CAPTAIN'S GIG. The (Illustrated by } H. P. Share and M. J. Burns)..... }	Sophie Swett..... i
CROOKED SPECTACLES. Verses.....	Susan Hartley Swett..... 450
CROSS PATCH. Poem. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	M. E. Wilkins..... 440
CROW-CHILD. The (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 48
DANCING. Verses. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	Joel Stacy..... 148
DAVID SWAN. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	Nathaniel Hawthorne..... 140
DEAR LITTLE GIRL OF NANTUCKET. A Jingle. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	C. M. Smith..... 237
DEAR LITTLE GOOSE. A Verses. (Illustrated).....	M. M. D..... 94
DESTINY. Verses.....	Mrs. Z. R. Cronyn..... 103
DISGRACED! Jingle. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	S. B. Ricord..... 446
DISPATCH TO FAIRY-LAND. A (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	Helen K. Spofford..... 352
DONKEY AND HIS COMPANY. The (Illustrated by J. G. Francis).....	S. C. Stone..... 376
EASTER GREETING. Picture. Drawn by.....	Addie Ledyard..... 450
ELEPHANT. How Jube Waked the (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters..... 293
ELEPHANTS. The Little Woolly (Illustrated by the Author).....	F. Bellew, Jr..... 445
ENCOUNTER WITH A POLAR BEAR. An (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	Mrs. Christine Stephens..... 341
EVERY BOY HIS OWN ICE-BOAT. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	Charles L. Norton..... 212
FAN BRIGADE. The Children's (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	Ella S. Cummins..... 182
FICK-FECK. Meister (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	Julia D. Fay..... 88
FINE, OR SUPERFINE?.....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 53
FIRE-LIGHT PHANTOMS. Poem.....	W. T. Peters..... 203
FIRST TOOTH. The Picture. Drawn by.....	Palmer Cox..... 202
FISHING. Odd Modes of (Illustrated by the Author).....	Daniel C. Beard..... 359

	PAGE.
FLOATING PRINCE. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 94
FOX AND THE SQUIRREL. The (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Benjamin Lander</i> 398
FOXY CONFUCIUS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>W. H. Davenport</i> 436
GAMES AND TOYS OF COREAN CHILDREN. The (Illustrated).....	<i>William Elliot Griffis</i> 126
GIANT SQUID. The (Illustrated by V. Nehlig, and with diagrams).....	<i>Richard Rathbun</i> 266
GLEANING. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Percival De Luce</i> 32
GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>John S. Hodgson</i> 181
GOLDEN-HAIR: A BOHEMIAN FOLK-STORY. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Hon. Jeremiah Curtin</i> 9
GOOSE. A dear little Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 94
GOOSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE. The (Illustrated by J. G. Francis).....	<i>J. H. T.</i> 285
GOVERNOR'S BALL. The (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Ada Cummings</i> 149
GREAT SECRET. The (Illustrated by S. G. McCutcheon).....	<i>Ruth Hall</i> 60
"GRIEF CAN NOT DRIVE HIM AWAY." Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>F. Bellew, Jr.</i> 364
GUARDING THE TREASURES; or, the Shah's Choice.....	<i>Emily Hinkley</i> 357
HANDEL. Poem. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 193
HOW JUBE WAKED THE ELEPHANT. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters</i> 293
HOW THE ARISTOCRATS SAILED AWAY. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 194
ICE-BOAT. Every Boy his Own (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Charles L. Norton</i> 212
INDIAN STORY: Nedawi. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>"Bright Eyes"</i> 225
IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND. (Illustrated by Hermann Faber).....	<i>Felix L. Oswald</i> 111
	203, 286, 366, 458
IN THE TOWER. Poem. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 257
JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Poor Jingle. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 265
JINGLES.....	18, 52, 70, 138, 148, 237, 265, 299, 446
JOHNNY'S ANSWER. Verses.....	<i>Nora Perry</i> 292
"JOHNNY PETER FOUND A PENNY." Picture-Jingle.....	70
KARL'S APRIL FIRST.....	<i>Jenny Marsh Parker</i> 442
KINDERGARTEN GIRL. The Little Verses. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 126
KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. (Illustrated by } Alfred Kappes).....	} <i>Sidney Lanier</i> 90
KING CANUTE. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 143
"KING OF FRANCE." The Picture.....	212
KITTY'S SHOPPING. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Mary-Gay Humphreys</i> 36
LACROSSE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 64
LADY BERTHA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Agnes Thomson</i> 104
LADY JANE GREY. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i> 337
LAND OF NOD. The An Operetta. (Music by Anthony Reiff and W. F. } Sherwin).....	} <i>E. S. Brooks</i> 162
LESSON FOR MAMMA. A Verses.....	<i>Sydney Dayre</i> 458
LITTLE GIRL. Poems by a.....	<i>Libbie Hawes</i> 470
LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL. The Verses. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 126
LITTLE NELLIE IN THE PRISON. Poem.....	<i>Paul Hamilton Hayne</i> 81
LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S REPORT ON "A STORY TO BE WRITTEN".....	491
LITTLE TOMMY'S DREAM. Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>R. F. Bunner</i> 110
LITTLE WOOLLY ELEPHANTS. The (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>F. Bellew, Jr.</i> 445
LOST IN THE FOG. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>M. C. S.</i> 417
MAGIC DANCE. The (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>C. A. Zimmerman</i> 393
MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 18
MAN IN THE MOON. A Christmas Dinner with the (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>Washington Gladden</i> 118
MARY JANE DESCRIBES HERSELF. (Illustrated by the Author and } W. T. Smedley).....	} <i>A. G. Plympton</i> 353
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Part I. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. Oliphant</i> 451
MASTER MOONO. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. Conant Foster</i> 424
MEISTER FICK-FECK. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Julia D. Fay</i> 88
MILLER OF DEE. The Poem. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Eva L. Ogden</i> 128, 174
MUMBO JUMBO. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Leueces</i> 486
MY BAROMETER. Verses. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren).....	<i>Hannah R. Hudson</i> 434



	PAGE.
MY LITTLE VALENTINE. Verses.....	<i>M. F. Butts</i> 285
MYRTO'S FESTIVAL. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Lizzie W. Champney</i> 83
MYSTERY IN A MANSION. (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley).....	* * * 42, 106, 241, 277, 345, 426
NAMES. One of his Verses.....	<i>Josephine Pollard</i> 181
NEDAWI. (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	"Bright Eyes"..... 225
NESTS. Some Curious (Illustrated)..... 55
NEW-YEAR'S CALLS. (Illustrated by S. G. McCutcheon).....	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> 237
NEW-YEAR'S DAY. Verses. (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 217
NONSENSE RHYME. A Jingle.....	<i>J. W. Riley</i> 18
NOT SO STUPID AS HE SEEMED. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 146
NURSE'S SONG. Verses.....	<i>Agnes L. Carter</i> 138
OBELISK. The True Story of the (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 310
ODD MODES OF FISHING. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 359
OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE. The Picture..... 479
ONE OF HIS NAMES. Verses.....	<i>Josephine Pollard</i> 181
OUR LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL. Verses.....	<i>Helen M. H. Gates</i> 59
OUTCAST. The Poem.....	<i>A. M</i> 31
OUT OF STYLE. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 186
PEACE, OR WAR? Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>H. P. Share</i> 351
PEDESTRIANS. The (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Annie A. Preston</i> 160
PEG. The Story of a (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 389
PETERKINS' EXCURSION FOR MAPLE SUGAR. The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 466
PETERKINS TALK OF GOING TO EGYPT. The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 300
PHAETON ROGERS. (Illustrated by Howard Pyle and W. Taber).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 153
	217, 321, 379, 471
PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE. The (Illustrated).....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 483
POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL.....	<i>Libbie Hawes</i> 470
POLAR BEAR. An Encounter with a (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>Mrs. Christine Stephens</i> 341
POOR JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Jingle. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 265
PRIMA DONNA. Recollections of a Little (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	<i>Augusta de Bubna</i> 393
RABBITS AND BANK PAPER.....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 361
RACE IN MID-AIR. A Picture..... 469
RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITTLE PRIMA DONNA. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	<i>Augusta de Bubna</i> 393
ROMANCE WITHOUT WORDS. Music.....	<i>Wm. K. Bassford</i> 412
ROUND TABLE. King Arthur and his Knights of the (Illustrated).....	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 90
RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY: Golden-hair. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Hon. Jeremiah Curtin</i> 9
SAD STORY OF THE CHILLY FAMILY. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>E. T. Corbett</i> 62
ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE. The.....	139, 304, 480
Introduction; by the Editor..... 139
"David Swan." (Illustrated by H. McVickar).....	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 140
"King Canute." (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 143
"The Skeleton in Armor." (Illustrated by John LaFarge).....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 304
"The Stage-Coach." (Illustrated).....	<i>Washington Irving</i> 308
"The Archery Contest." (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 480
"The Planting of the Apple-tree." (Illustrated by } R. Riordan and R. B. Birch)..... }	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 483
SARDINES AND SARDINIÈRES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Caroline Eustis</i> 374
SEE-SAW. Picture. Drawn by.....	<i>R. F. Bunner</i> 341
SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. Sayre).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 148
SEWING-MACHINE DESIGNS. (Illustrated by H. W. Troy).....	<i>James G. Brown</i> 68
SKELETON IN ARMOR. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 304
SMALLEST BIRD IN THE WORLD. The (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>Alice May</i> 420
SNOW BATTLE. A (Illustrated by the Author and H. P. Share).....	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 235
SOME CURIOUS NESTS. (Illustrated)..... 55
STAGE-COACH. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Washington Irving</i> 308
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 187, 399
STORY OF A PEG. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 389

	PAGE.
SWISS GLACIERS. The (Illustrated).....	<i>James B. Marshall</i> 14
"THERE WAS A SMALL MAID OF ST. PAUL." Jingle. (Illustrated by } H. P. Share).....	}..... 299
THING-A-MA-JIG. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 210
THIRTEEN AND DOLLY. Verses.....	<i>Mollie Norton</i> 13
THISTLE-DOWN. Poem.....	<i>Henrietta R. Eliot</i> 27
THORWALD AND THE STAR-CHILDREN. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Hjalmar H. Boyesen</i> 259
TINSEL WITHOUT, BUT METAL WITHIN. Verses. (Illustrated by } H. McVickar).....	}..... 52
TOM. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Mary Jewett Telford</i> 33
TRUE STORY OF THE OBELISK. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 310
TWO VISIONS OF FAIRY-LAND. Poem.....	<i>Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt</i> 277
VALENTINE. My Little Verses.....	<i>M. F. Butts</i> 285
WHICH? Verses. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Rachel Pomeroy</i> 320
WHO TOLD MOTHER? Verses.....	<i>Mary C. Bartlett</i> 445
WHY? Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 465
WILL CROCKER AND THE BUFFALOES. (Illustrated by George Inness, Jr.).....	<i>F. Marshall White</i> 136
WILL O' THE WISP. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 117
WINTER AND SUMMER. Poem.....	<i>H. O. Knowlton</i> 266
WOLVES. The Cooper and the (Illustrated by V. Nehlig).....	<i>Hjalmar H. Boyesen</i> 446
WRONG PROMISE. The (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Hope Ledyard</i> 177
YELLOW PANSY. A Poem.....	<i>Nellie G. Cone</i> 111
YOUNG MARCH WIND. Verses.....	<i>M. F. Butts</i> 388

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (Illustrated).

"When Jack Wakes"—The Gypsy Insect—Needles and Thread that Grow—Monkey Torch-bearers—Cradled in a Leaf—Currants Growing in a Locust-tree—Four-handed Nut-gatherers—The Glass Mountain (illustrated)—Natural Beads—Thanksgiving Song, 74; Introduction—Mistletoe and Holly—Gloves—The "Snow-Snake" Game, 171; "It's Coming, Boys!"—The Gingerbread Tree—A Long Breath—The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images (illustrated)—A Story to be Written (illustrated), 250; Lady Earth's Valentine—A Bird that Sells Unwary Travelers—An After-Christmas Letter—Whistles on Pigeons (illustrated)—How Many?—Johnny-cake Plant—Steam-power and Water-power—A Fable from Deacon Green (illustrated), 330; March!—The Purple Finch—About Root-tips—The Mariner's Compass—How Sir Rooster Stole the Chicks—Facts from the Fairy-land of Science—More Yet—A Jelly "Man-of-War" (illustrated), 410; "The Year's at the Spring"—A Wise Canary—Not a Very Hard Case—Those Cat Stories and Deacon Green—A Sub-American Canal—How did it Happen?—Curious Optical Experiments—Report on "A Story to be Written," 490.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK (Illustrated).

How Rob Counted the Stars; A Bed in the Snow, 71—Three Friends; Kitty and Dodo, 172—The Fast Goat Line, 248—The Tame Crow, 328—Five Fives, 408—How the Rocking-horse Ate the Cake, 487.

OUR MUSIC PAGE.

Land of Nod. The Operetta.....*E. S. Brooks*.....162
Romance Without Words.....*Wm. K. Bassford*.....412

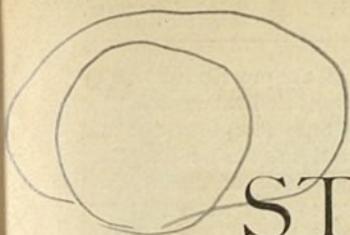
YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

The Story Written.....491

THE LETTER-BOX (Illustrated).....76, 174, 252, 332, 413, 493

THE RIDDLE-BOX (Illustrated).....79, 175, 255, 335, 415, 495

FRONTISPIECES.—The Madonna of the Lily, facing Title-page of Volume—"Once Upon a Time," facing page 1—"Fire-light Phantoms," 177—"In the Tower," 257—Lady Jane Grey, 337—A Lesson on the Sampler, 419.



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VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. I.

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THE CREW OF THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THEY kept the light-house on Great Porpoise Island—Aunt Dorcas (nobody ever called her anything but *Darkis*), Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, and the Baby.

Job Jordan (Aunt Dorcas's brother and the children's father) was the light-house keeper, but Job was, in the language of the Porpoise Islanders, a "tarlented" man, and "dretful literary." His chief talent seemed to be for smoking and reading vividly illustrated story papers, and he devoted himself so completely to developing that talent that all the prosaic duties of the establishment fell upon Aunt Dorcas and the children. "The light-house would 'a' ben took away from him long ago, if it had n't 'a' ben for *Darkis*," the neighbors said.

Aunt Dorcas did seem to have the strength of ten. She and the children raised a large flock of sheep on the rocky pastures around the light-house, and, rising up early and lying down late, tilled a plot of the dry ground until it actually brought forth vegetables enough to supply the family; and they cleaned and filled and polished and trimmed the great lamp, with its curious and beautiful glass rings, which reflected the calm and steady light from so many angles that myriads of flashes went dancing out over the dark waters and dangerous rocks. Through summer and winter, storm and calm, the light on Great Porpoise Island never was known to fail.

And they kept everything in the tower, and in the dwelling-house, as bright and shining as a new pin. So when the commissioners came to examine the light-house, their report was that "Job Jordan was a most faithful and efficient man."

What the family would have done if Job had lost

the position, I don't know; though I think that Aunt Dorcas would have managed to keep their heads above water in some way. They all looked upon her as a sort of special providence; if good fortune did not come to them in the natural course of things, Aunt Dorcas would contrive to bring it.

She was very nice to look at, with smooth, shining brown hair, and pretty, soft gray eyes. She had been a beauty once—in the days when she had turned her back upon the brightness that life promised her, and shouldered the responsibilities of Job's family; but she was past thirty-five now, and years of toil and care *will* leave their traces. She still had a springy step, and laughed easily—and these are two very good things where work and care abound. It was when Mrs. Jordan died that she had come to live with them, and when the baby was only a year old.

That was four years ago, now, and the baby was still called the Baby. The reason for this was that his name was Reginald Fitz-Eustace Montmorenci. His father named him—after a hero in one of his story papers. Aunt Dorcas scorned the name—she liked old-fashioned Bible names—and the children could n't pronounce it, so it had fallen into disuse.

He was tow-headed and sturdy—Reginald Fitz-Eustace Montmorenci—with a fabulous appetite, and totally unable to keep the peace with Little Job.

Little Job, who came next,—going up the ladder,—found life a battle. His namesake of old was not more afflicted. He had sore eyes, and his hair was "tously," and he *hated* to have it combed. He was always getting spilled out of boats, and off docks, and tumbling down steep rocks and stairs. When the tips of his fingers were not all badly scratched, his arm was broken or his ankle sprained.

His clothes were always in tatters, and Aunt Dorcas sometimes made him go to bed while she mended them, and that always happened to be just when the others were going fishing. The cow swallowed the only jack-knife he ever had, and when he saved up all his pennies for a year, and had bought a cannon, it would n't go off. And he always was found out. The others might commit mischief, and go scot-free, but Little Job always was found out.

And this sort of existence he had supported for nine years.

Nick was but little more than a year older than Little Job, and no larger, but he took life more easily. He was brave, and jolly, and happy-go-lucky; so full of mischief that the neighbors had christened him "*Old Nick*." Aunt Dorcas thought that he did n't deserve that, as there was never anything malicious about his mischief, but little did Nick care what they called him. He had little, bright, beady cross-eyes, which seemed to be always eagerly looking at the tip of his nose. And as the tip of his nose turned straight up to meet them, the interest appeared to be mutual.

His shock of red hair *would* stand upright, too, let Aunt Dorcas and Semanthy do what they would to make it stay down. And his ears—which were the largest ears ever seen on a small boy—would not stay down, either, but stood out on each side of his head, so that Cap'n 'Siah Hadlock (who was Aunt Dorcas's beau once, and still dropped in to see her occasionally, in the light of a friend) declared that Nick always reminded him of a vessel going wing-and-wing. Cap'n 'Siah and Nick were very good friends, notwithstanding, and now that Cap'n 'Siah had given up following the sea, and kept a flourishing store on "the main," there was no greater delight to Nick than to stand behind his counter, and sell goods; it might have been rather tame without the occasional diversion of a somersault over the counter, or a little set-to with a boy somewhat bigger than himself, but these entertainments were always forthcoming, and the store was Nick's earthly paradise.

Saul and Semanthy were twins. They were twelve, and felt all the dignity and responsibility of their position as the elders of the family. Semanthy was tow-headed and freckled, and toed-in. Saul was tow-headed and freckled, too, but he was (as Cap'n 'Siah expressed it) "a square trotter." Their tow heads and their freckles were almost the only points of resemblance between them, although they were twins. Saul had an old head and keen wits. He was very fond of mathematics, and had even been known to puzzle the school-master by a knotty problem of his own making. Semanthy could do addition, if you gave her time. Saul kept his

eyes continually open to all the practical details of life, and was already given to reading scientific books. Semanthy was a little absent-minded and dreamy, and as fond of stories as her father. Saul always observed the wind and the clouds, and knew when it was going to rain as well as Old Probabilities himself. And if he had been suddenly transported to an unknown country, blindfolded, he could have told you which way was north by a kind of instinct. And he heaped scorn upon Semanthy because she was n't a walking compass, too,—poor Semanthy, who never knew which way was east except when she saw the sun rise, and then could never quite remember, when she stood, with her right hand toward it, according to the geographical rule, whether the north was in front of her or behind her! Saul was a wonderful sailor, too, and had all the proper nautical terms at his tongue's end, as well as numberless wise maxims about the management of boats; if he had sailed as long as the Ancient Mariner he could n't have been more learned in sea lore. But Semanthy did n't even know what the "gaff-topsail" was, and had no more idea what "port your helm" and "hard-a-lee" meant than if it had been Sanscrit. When she was sailing, she liked to watch the sky, and fancy wonderful regions hidden by the curtain of blue ether, or build castles in the clouds which the sunset bathed in wonderful colors; she liked that much better than learning all the stupid names that they called things on a boat, or how to sail one. She was perfectly willing that Saul should do that for her. And Saul cherished a profound contempt for girls, as the lowest order of creation, and for Semanthy, in particular, as an especially inferior specimen of the sex. Semanthy had a deep admiration and affection for Saul, but still, sometimes, when he assumed very superior airs, and said very cutting things about her ignorance, she did feel, in her heart, that boys were rather a mistake.

It was about five o'clock on a sultry Saturday afternoon, in August. Aunt Dorcas was putting her last batch of huckleberry pies into the oven, and thanking her stars that they had not been troubled by any "city folks" that day; for Hadlock's Point, the nearest land on "the main," had become a popular summer resort, and troops of visitors were continually coming over to Great Porpoise Island, to explore the rocks and the lighthouse. Nick was endeavoring to promote hostilities between a huge live lobster, which he had just brought in, and which was promenading over the floor, and a much-surprised kitten. Little Job was in the throes of hair-combing, under the hands of Semanthy, and howling piteously. Suddenly they all looked up, and Little Job was surprised into ceasing his howls. A deep bass voice, just outside

the door, was singing, or rather roaring, this singular ditty:

"For I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

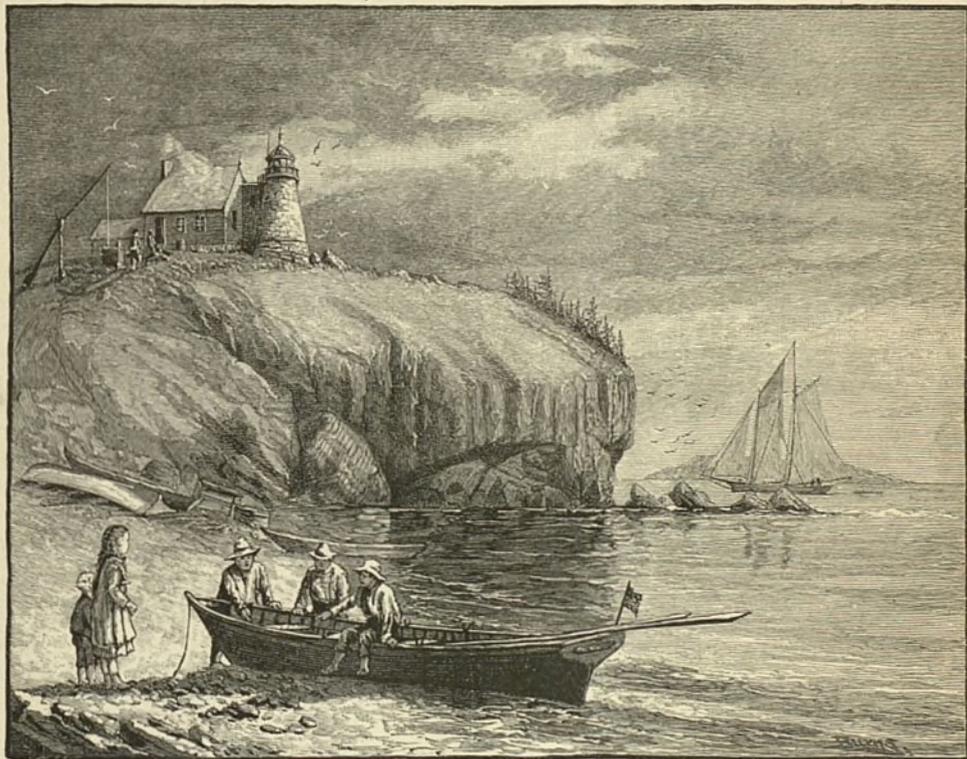
This was "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," which Cap'n 'Siah Hadlock had learned from some of the summer visitors, and was never tired of singing. He had taught it to the children, too, and the experience of the "elderly naval man," who had cooked and eaten all the personages

"Gittin' ready, Darkis?"

"For the day of judgment? Yes, an' I hope you be, too," said Aunt Dorcas, trying to force a pucker upon a face that was never made for puckering. But something brought a color to her cheeks just then—perhaps the heat of the oven, as she opened the door to look after her pies.

Semanthy wondered if Cap'n 'Siah never would get tired of saying that to Aunt Dorcas, and she never would get tired of blushing at it—such old people, too!

"Well, I kinder calkerlate that the day o' jedg-



THE CAPTAIN'S GIG AT GREAT PORPOISE ISLAND.

named in the rhyme, had fired Nick's soul with a desire to boil Little Job in the dinner-pot, and Little Job accordingly dwelt in terror of his life. Cap'n 'Siah was just what his voice proclaimed him—a big and jolly-looking man of forty or thereabouts, with a twinkle in his eye, and a double chin with a deep dimple in it. But what made his appearance particularly fascinating to the children was the fact that he wore ear-rings—little round hoops of gold—and had grotesque figures tattooed all over his hands, in India-ink.

All four of the children knew what he was going to say, for he always said the same thing, whether he came often or seldom.

ment 'll get along 'thout my attendin' to it, but if ever I 'm agoin' to git a good wife, I 've got to go arter her!" said Cap'n 'Siah.

"Then p'raps you 'd better be agoin'," said Aunt Dorcas. Whereupon Cap'n 'Siah sat down.

"I come over in the captain's gig," he said, addressing himself to the children.

They all looked bewildered, not knowing that "captains' gigs" had an existence outside of "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell."

"There 's a revenue cutter a-layin' up in the harbor; she come in last night. The cap'n he come off in his gig, and went off ridin' with some of the folks up to the hotel. He wanted some

good fresh butter, an' I told him I'd come over here an' see if I could n't git some o' the Widder Robbins, an' he said his men might row me over in the gig. So there the boat lays, down there at the shore, an' the men have gone over to the cliffs after ducks' eggs. I told 'em they need n't be in no hurry, seein' as I was n't."

The children were all out of the house in a trice, to-see what kind of a boat a "captain's gig" was.

They were somewhat disappointed to find only a long, narrow row-boat; it had outriggers, and was painted black; except for those peculiarities, they might have taken it for a boat belonging to some of the summer visitors at Hadlock's Point. They all had a fancy that a "captain's gig" must bear some resemblance to a carriage.

"Cap'n 'Siah must have been fooling us; it's nothing but a row-boat," said Nick.

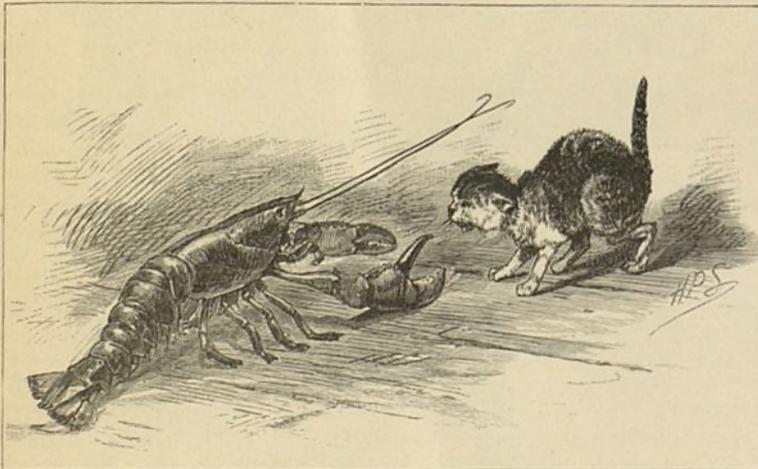
Saul had been there before them, inspecting the boat, and spoke up: "That's what they call it—the sailors said so; it's a good boat, anyway, and I'd like to take a row in it."

"Come on!" shouted Nick, jumping into the boat. "It's a good mile over to the cliffs where the ducks' eggs are; the men wont be back this two hours."

"Do come, Saul," urged Semanthy, and Little Job joined his voice to the general chorus.

"I suppose they would let us take it if they were here, but I don't just like to take it without leave," said Saul, doubtfully.

"Stay at home, then. We're going, anyhow. Semanthy can row like a trooper," cried Nick.



THAT BOY NICK STARTED THEM.

Semanthy could row a boat if she could n't sail one, and she was proud of her accomplishment, especially as Saul always chose her as an assistant in preference to any of the boys.

"If you are all going, I suppose I shall have to go to take care of you," said Saul, jumping in. "But we must n't go so far that we can't see the sailors when they come back for their boat."

So they all went off in the "captain's gig"—Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, and the Baby.

But as soon as they were off, conscientious Saul pushed back again, and sent Little Job up to the house to ask Cap'n 'Siah if it would do for them to use the "captain's gig" for a little while. And Cap'n 'Siah said that the sailors would n't be back before dark, and he would "make it all right" with them. Whether Cap'n 'Siah was anxious to get rid of the children, that he might have a better opportunity to urge Aunt Dorcas to "git ready," I cannot say, but he was certainly very willing that they should go.

Saul's mind was now at ease, and he was quite ready to enjoy himself; but I am afraid that Nick felt, in the bottom of his mischievous heart, that there was quite as much fun about it before they had anybody's permission.

"Now we can go over to the Point!" said Semanthy.

That was Semanthy's great delight, to go over to the Point and see the crowds of summer visitors, in their gay, picturesque dresses, the steamers coming in, and the flags flying. Now and then there was a band playing; and at such times Semanthy's cup of happiness ran over.

Saul did not make any objection. He liked to go over to the Point, too. Not that he cared much for crowds of people, or flags, or bands, but there was a queer, double-keeled boat, which they called a catamaran, over there, and he wanted to investigate it. The Point was nearly three miles away, but they pulled hard, Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, each taking an oar. To be sure, they had to keep an eye on Little Job, for he had an unpleasant way of dropping his oar into the water—if he did n't drop himself in—and of keeping the Baby in a drenched condition, which aroused all the pugnacity of his infant nature. But in spite of all drawbacks, they reached the Point in a very short space of time. And Semanthy saw a steam-boat just coming in, and it had a band on board,

playing "Pinafore" selections, and some Indians had come and pitched their tents on the shore, and hung out silvery seal-skins and beautiful, gay baskets at their tent-doors, and the little Indian children, running about, were queerer than anything out of a fairy book. And Nick had an opportunity to invest a long-cherished five-cent piece in "jaw-breakers"—a kind of candy whose merit seemed to consist in "lasting long." Little Job had time to be knocked off the wharf by a huge Newfoundland dog, and rescued dripping. Saul found the catamaran fastened to the slip, where he could inspect it to his heart's content. The owner was standing by, and noticing Saul's interest, he told him all about the boat, and ended by asking him to go sailing with him.

"Go, of course, Saul! You don't suppose we can't get home without you?" said Semanthy.

"Of course you can, but you had better go right along. You have no more than time to get home before dark," called prudent Saul, as he stepped into the catamaran with his friend.

"O my! Don't we feel big!" called out Nick, in a voice which was distinctly audible in the catamaran. "You'd think we were the cap'n of the boat! I would n't feel big in that queer old machine—'t aint any kind of a boat, anyhow!"

And Little Job piped up, in a high, shrill voice:

"O I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bos'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

It was clearly a relief to get rid of Saul; he was so very prudent and cautious, and kept them in such good order. "The crew of the captain's gig" meant to have a good time now!

Semanthy tried her best to make Nick pull with a will, straight for home, for it was already past six o'clock, and she had a vivid picture in her mind of the sailors all on the shore waiting for their boat, and furiously angry with those who had stolen it.

But Nick and Little Job had become hilarious, and preferred "catching crabs" and "sousing" Semanthy and the Baby, and rocking the boat from side to side to see how far it would tip without tipping over, to going peaceably along.

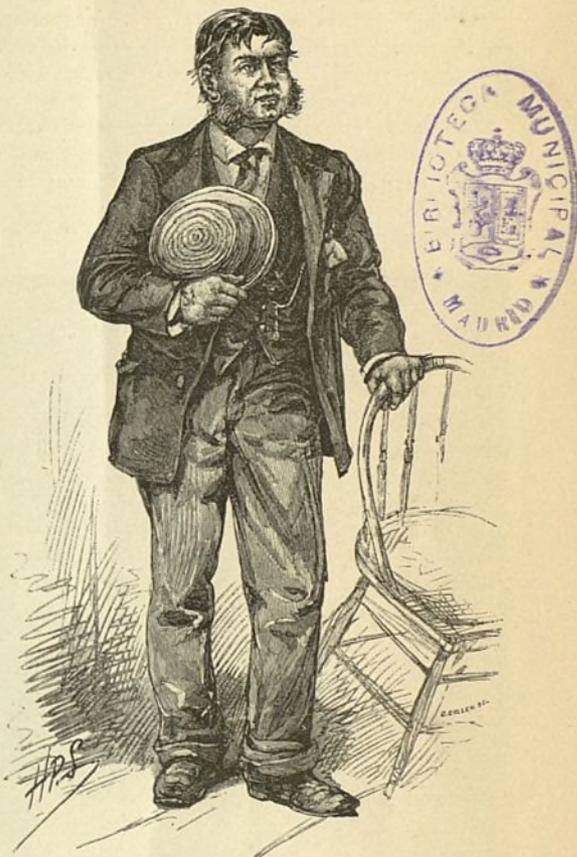
And all Semanthy's remonstrances were in vain, until, suddenly, she espied a black cloud swiftly climbing the sky.

"Look there, boys!" she cried. "*There's a squall coming!* Now I guess you'll hurry!"

And they did. Nick and Little Job were not without sense, and they had not lived on that dangerous, rocky coast, where sudden "flaws" came down from the mountains, and squalls came up with scarcely a moment's warning, in the calmest,

sunniest days, for nothing. Even the Baby understood the situation perfectly.

But there was little danger in a row-boat, unless



CAP'N 'SIAH HADLOCK.

it should grow so dark before they got home that they could not see their way, or the waves should run so high as to swamp their boat—and the "captain's gig" was not a boat to be easily swamped. Semanthy wished they were at home, but her chief anxiety was for Saul, out in a sail-boat,—and such a queer, new-fangled one, too!

"Pooh! Saul knows how to manage any sail-boat that ever was!" said Nick, scornfully, when Semanthy expressed her fears.

"And if he did n't, those fellers know how to manage their own craft," said Little Job.

The black cloud spread so quickly over the sky that it seemed as if a pall had been suddenly cast upon the light of day. The water was without a ripple, and there was a strange hush in the air. It was a relief to Semanthy when a flock of gulls flew screaming over their heads—the stillness was so oppressive.

Then the wind swooped down suddenly and

fiercely upon them. On the land they could see the dust of the road torn up in a dense cloud, and the trees bent and writhing. The smooth water was broken into great, white-capped waves.

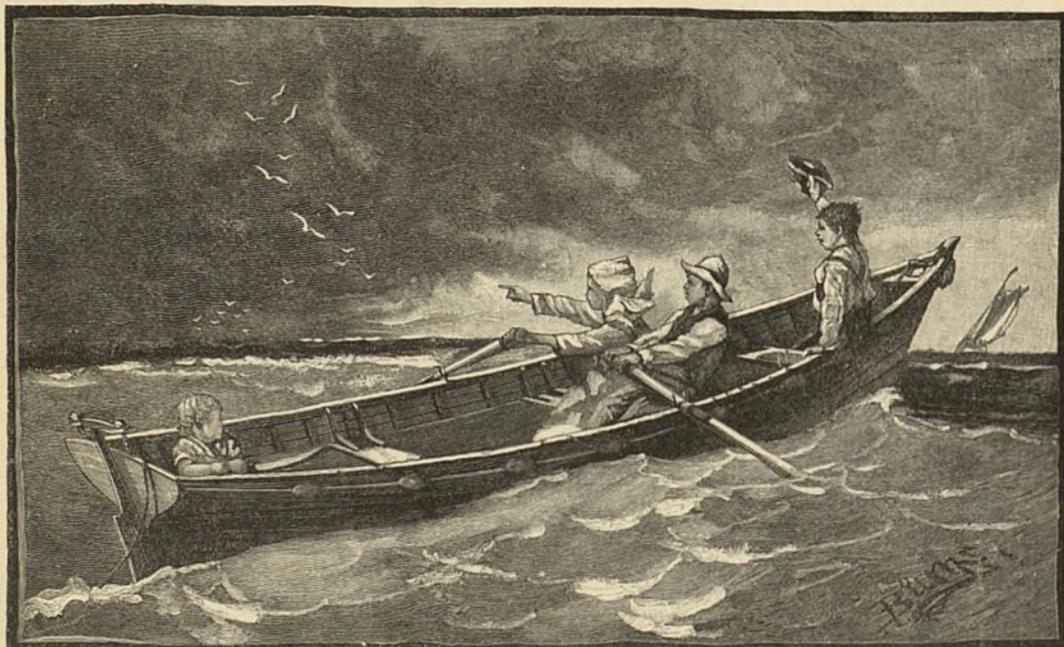
Semanthy and Nick tugged away bravely at the oars, but it was very hard work, and they made but little progress. The darkness was increasing with every moment; every ray of the setting sun had been obscured, and the sky over their heads was black. In a very few minutes they were in the midst of a thick darkness.

"Look out! You just missed that buoy!" called

"If night were not coming on, I should hope that it would grow lighter soon," said Semanthy; "but, as it is, I wonder why Aunt Darkis does n't light the lamp?"

But, though they strained their eyes to the utmost, peering anxiously into the darkness, there was no welcome flash from the Great Porpoise light-house. They rested on their oars, while the boat stood, now on its head and now on its feet, as the Baby said, until Nick's stock of patience was exhausted.

"I move that we pull ahead," he said. "I know



"THERE'S A SQUALL COMING!"

out Little Job. And in another moment he shouted:

"I don't b'lieve this is the way at all! I think you 're goin' straight for Peaked Nose Island!"

"Well, I aint got eyes in the back o' my head, like Saul! No other fellow could tell which way to go in this darkness. Anyway, I can't tell Little Porpoise from Peaked Nose. We might just as well drift."

"Drift! I should think it was drifting, with the boat most turning a somersault every minute. Most likely we shall all be drowned," said Little Job, with the calmness of one accustomed to misfortune.

"If you say that again, I 'll pitch you overboard!" said Nick. "Of course we aint going to get drowned! It will get lighter by and by, and then we 'll go home."

this place too well to get a great ways out of my reckoning, and it's enough to make a fellow crazy to be wabbling around here this way. We can't do any worse than to bump on a rock, and, if it's above water, we 'll hold on to it."

Semanthy was prone to sea-sickness, and the pirouetting of the boat had caused her to begin to feel that there might be worse things even than being drowned. So she was only too glad to "pull ahead."

They did not "bump" upon any rock, but neither did they, after what seemed like hours of rowing, see any signs that they were nearing home. They were rowing against wind and tide, and could not expect to make rapid progress; but still it did seem to Nick that they ought to have got somewhere by this time, unless they had drifted out into the open sea.

"Goin' straight ter Halifax! All aboard!" shouted Little Job, whose spirits were fitful.

The wind's violence had abated somewhat, and it had begun to rain. If Semanthy had only known that the catamaran and its crew were safe, she would have felt that their woes were not beyond remedy. But the gale had come on so suddenly! Before they had time to take down their sail, the boat might have capsized, or been blown upon the rocks. Even Nick shook his head now and then, and said: "This squall 's been pretty rough on sail-boats, I can tell you."

"Nick, where *can* we be that we don't see our light?"

"That must be Great Porpoise just ahead," said Nick, pointing to a spot in the distance, which looked only like darkness intensified and gathered into a small compass. "Why we can't see the light I am sure I can't tell."

As they drew nearer, the black spot grew larger, and revealed itself as land beyond a question.

"But it *can't* be Great Porpoise, Nick, because we should see the light!"

Nick looked long and earnestly, doubt growing deeper and deeper in his mind.

"Well, it *must* be Peaked Nose," he said, at last, "though it is certainly a great deal bigger than Peaked Nose ever was before."

And so they turned the boat in the direction in which Great Porpoise ought to lie, if this were Peaked Nose.

That the light on Great Porpoise might not be lighted did not occur to any one of them. For that lamp to remain unlighted after night-fall was a thing which had never happened since they were born; it would have been scarcely less extraordinary to their minds if daylight should fail to put in an appearance.

Since there was no light there, that could not be Great Porpoise Island. That was all there was about it,—so they all thought.

They rowed swiftly and in silence for a while, and another dark shape did appear ahead of them; but there was no light there!

"Oh, Nick! The Pudding Stones! I hear the breakers!" cried Semanthy, suddenly. "It must be Little Porpoise!"

"Then the other was Great Porpoise!" said Nick, blankly. "What is the matter with the light?"

The Pudding Stones made Little Porpoise a terror to mariners. If the beams from Great Porpoise light-house had not fallen full upon them, they would probably have been the ruin of many a good ship. Now, where was the Great Porpoise light?

The other end of Little Porpoise was inhabited; they had friends there, and went there often, but Semanthy had never before been so near the Pud-

ding Stones, and she was anxious only to get as far away from them as possible. They seemed to her like living monsters, with cruel teeth, eager to crush and grind helpless victims.

"Why are you going so near, Nick?" she cried, in terror.

"I want to make sure where we are. There are other rocks around besides the Pudding Stones, and it seems as if we must have got to the other side of nowhere. If we have n't, *where in creation is that light?*"

This did seem to Semanthy an almost unanswerable argument in proof of their having "got to the other side of nowhere." But still she did not feel any desire to investigate the rocks just ahead, upon which the breakers were making an almost deafening uproar. But Nick would not turn away until he had fully satisfied his mind about their position.

Suddenly, above the roar of the breakers, they heard a voice,—a shrill, despairing cry for help,—a woman's voice, and not far away.

"A boat has run against the rocks, most likely," said Nick, and pulled straight on toward the breakers. "We may be in time to save somebody."

"Oh, but Nick, it is n't as if there were only you and me to think of! Here are the children. We are risking their lives!" said Semanthy.

It was Little Job who piped up then, in his high, weak little voice, and not by any means in the terror-stricken wail which might have been expected from little Job. His courage had evidently mounted with the occasion.

"I guess we 're all the crew of the captain's gig, and we aint agoin' to let anybody get drowneded if we can help it!" he said.

Nick did not reply to either Semanthy or him, but rowed as if his own life depended upon it. Semanthy knew that he thought she was a coward, and was disgusted with her; but she was sure that, if she and Nick had been alone, she would not have hesitated.

Little Job's speech and Semanthy's thoughts occupied but a moment's space. The next moment the boat grated against a rock, and that cry, weaker and fainter, arose close beside them.

"Jehosaphat! There 's a woman clinging to this rock! Steady, Semanthy—she 's slipping off! Hold the boat tight to the rock, Little Job! Take hold here, Semanthy; she 's heavier than lead!"

Using all their force, they dragged her into the boat—a limp, drenched form, from which no sound came. The boat rocked terribly, but righted at last.

"Semanthy, she 's fainted, and she was losing her hold of the rock! If we had n't grabbed her just as we did, she 'd 'a' been drowneded," said Nick, in an awed voice.

"I think she 's dead, Nick," said Semanthy, who had put her face down to the woman's lips, and felt no breath.

"Rub her hands and feet," said Nick. "We can't do anything else, but try to get out of this place, now; or we shall all be ground to bits."

"It is so dark! I can't see to do anything!" groaned Semanthy. "Oh, where is the light-house lamp? This all seems like a dreadful nightmare!"

"I know those were the Pudding Stones, so now I know the way home," said Nick.

"The lamp has most likely got bewitched," said Little Job, who was a reader of fairy tales.

But suddenly, like a ray of sunshine falling on the black waters, out shone the lamp!

It shone full on the white face of the unconscious and half-drowned woman, resting on Semanthy's lap.

"Aunt Darkis! Oh, Aunt Darkis!" they all cried, in concert.

"Oh, Nick, aint we dreaming?" said Semanthy, while a flood of tears fell on Aunt Dorcas's face.

"How could she have come there?"

"Why, it 's plain enough. I heard Cap'n 'Siah ask her to go over to Little Porpoise with him, to see his sister, the last time he was over. They took our little sail-boat, and went over, and the squall struck 'em coming home, and drove 'em on to the rocks."

"But where is the boat, and where is—oh where is Cap'n 'Siah?"

"Can't say—p'r'aps all right!" said Nick.

Semanthy and Little Job rubbed Aunt Dorcas's poor white hands, and wrung the water out of her pretty brown hair, and kissed her over and over again. And by and by they could detect a faint fluttering breath coming through her parted lips.

"But oh—oh, Nick, if we had n't been there!" Semanthy said.

Nick did n't say anything. He had too big a lump in his throat.

In a few minutes more they were carrying Aunt Dorcas tenderly and with great difficulty into the house. The sailors—the original "crew of the captain's gig"—were all there; it was one of them who had lighted the lamp. The children's father, they were told, was down at the Widow Dobbins's.

The sailors did n't scold about their boat, you may be sure, when they knew what service it had done.

Aunt Dorcas soon came to herself enough to know them, and to speak to them, but they none of them dared to ask the question that was trembling on

their tongues—where was Cap'n 'Siah? And Aunt Dorcas seemed too weak to remember anything that had happened.

But while they were sitting there, looking questioningly into each other's faces, in walked a drenched and weather-beaten, and pale-faced man—Cap'n 'Siah, but ten years older, it seemed, than he had been that afternoon. But when he caught sight of Aunt Dorcas, he threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands, and when he took them away they saw tears on his cheeks—great rough man as he was.

"I thought she 'd got drowned, and I 'd let her," he said. "You see, I wa' n't lookin' at the sky, as I 'd ought to 'a' ben, and that pesky little boat went over ker-slap, ah' there we was, both in the water. I ketched hold o' the boat, and reached for yer Aunt Darkis, and jest missed her! Then I let go o' the boat, and tried to swim for her, but I found I was sinkin', with all my heavy toggery on, and I ketched hold o' the boat again. Then a big wave knocked me off, and I went down, and I thought I was done for, but when I came up I managed to grab the boat again. But your Aunt Darkis was gone. I could n't see nothin' of her, and in a few minutes 't was so dark I could n't see nothin' at all! By and by, after I had drifted and drifted, I heard voices, and I hollered, and that queer craft from the P'int, the catamaran, picked me up—and there was our Saul aboard of her! I did n't care much about bein' picked up, seein' your Aunt Darkis was drowned, and I 'd let her, but now I 'm obleeged to ye, Saul, for pickin' me up!"

Then Nick and Semanthy told their story, and soon Aunt Dorcas told how she had clung, for what seemed like hours, to the steep and slippery rock, from which Nick and Semanthy had rescued her just as her strength gave out.

"And yer pa he 's a-courtin' the Widder Dobbins, it appears, otherwise he might 'a' ben here to light the lamp," said Cap'n 'Siah, in a mild and meditative tone. "And yer Aunt Darkis an' me 's ben a-thinkin' that yer pa an' the Widder Dobbins an' her six might be enough here, an' so you 'd better all of you come over to the main and live with me. My house is big enough for us all, and Saul, he 'll kind of look after my boats that I keep to let, and Nick, he 'll tend in the store, when he aint to school, and Semanthy—why, of course Aunt Darkis could n't do without her; and as for Little Job and the Baby, why, they 'll kinder keep things lively."

So, not only Aunt Dorcas, but the whole "crew of the captain's gig" are "gittin' ready" now.

GOLDEN-HAIR: A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.



HIS curious story is told over and over to the children of Russia by their fathers and mothers, who first heard it from *their* fathers and mothers, who in their turn had learned it in the same way. For it is like our own stories of Cinderella, and Blue-Beard, and the rest,—so old that nobody knows who wrote them or first told them.

But boys and girls are

alike, the world over, when there is a good story to be heard. Golden-hair and her wonderful history are perhaps as well known to Russian children as Cinderella and her glass slipper are to you. Here is the tale, with its king, its princess, its water of life, and all:

There was a certain king, and he was so wise that he understood all animals, no matter what they said.

Now hear how he learned this art: Once an old grandmother came to him, bringing a fish in a basket, and told him to have it cooked; that, if he would eat it, he would understand what living creatures in the air, on the earth, and in the waters, say. It pleased the king to be able to know what no man knew; he paid the old woman well, called his servant straightway, and commanded him to have the fish ready for dinner. "But see to it," said he, "that you don't put a bit on your tongue; if you do, you'll pay for it with your head."

When it was all ready, he put a bit on his tongue and tasted it. That moment he heard something buzz about his ears:

"Some for us, too; some for us, too."

Yiry looked around, and saw nothing but a few flies moving around the kitchen. But on the street he heard a hoarse voice:

"Where are you going—where are you going?"

"To the miller's barley—to the miller's barley."

Yiry looked out of the window and saw a flock of geese.

"Oh," thought he, "that's the kind of fish it is! It gives one a new gift of hearing. I have found out!"

He put a fresh piece in his mouth and carried the remainder to the king, just as if nothing had happened.

After dinner, the king ordered Yiry to saddle his horse and attend him, for he wanted to ride. The king rode ahead and Yiry behind. When they were crossing a green field, Yiry's horse sprang forward and kicked up his heels.

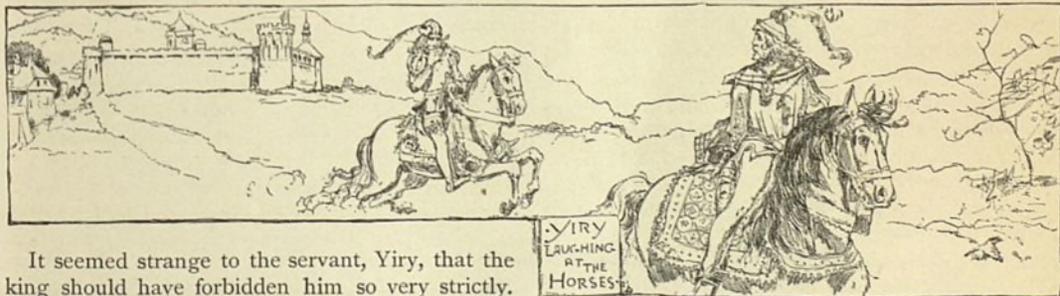
"Oh, ho, brother," said he, "I feel so light that I should like to jump over a mountain!"



"What of that?" said the other horse. "I should like to jump, too; but an old man sits on my back. If I jump, he would certainly fall to the ground like a bag, and be badly injured."

"Let him!" said Yiry's horse. "Then, instead of an old, you'll carry a young man."

Yiry laughed heartily, but to himself, lest the king should notice it. But the king, who also knew what the horses were saying, looked around and saw that Yiry was laughing. He inquired:



It seemed strange to the servant, Yiry, that the king should have forbidden him so very strictly. "While I live," said he to himself, "I have n't seen such a fish; it looks just like a snake; and what sort of a cook would he be, I'd like to know, who would n't taste of what he was cooking!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing important, your majesty; something came into my mind."

The king suspected him, however, and did not trust the horses; so he turned back. When they came to the castle, the king ordered Yiry to pour him out a glass of wine.

"But if you don't fill it, or if it overflows, your head will pay for the mistake," said he.

Yiry took the decanter and was pouring; at that moment two birds flew to the window; one was chasing the other—the one pursued had three golden hairs in its bill.

"Give them to me," said the other.

"I will not give them up—they are mine; I picked them up," said the first bird.

"But I saw them as they fell, when the golden-haired lady combed her hair," said the second.

"Well, I shall keep two of them, at least."

"No; not one."

Then the second bird rushed at the first, and seized the golden hairs. After they had struggled for them on the wing, one hair remained in each bird's bill. The third fell to the ground and sounded.

Yiry looked after it, and the wine overflowed the glass.

"You have lost your life," said the king; "but if you wish, I will be merciful. I will spare you, if you find and bring me the golden-haired maiden to be my wife."

What was Yiry to do? He wished to save his life. He must go for the maiden, though he did not know where to look for her. He saddled his horse, and went in one direction and another. He came to a dark forest, and under the trees near the road a bush was burning. The shepherds had set it on fire. Under the bush was an ant-hill; sparks were falling upon it, and the ants were running hither and thither in great alarm, and carrying their small white eggs.

"Oh, help us, Yiry, dear! help us!" cried they, pitifully. "We are burning up, and our little ones are in these eggs."

He jumped from his horse in an instant, cut down the bush and put out the fire.

"When you are in need, think of us, and we will help you, too."

Then he traveled through the forest till he came to a lofty fir-tree; on its summit was a raven's nest, and beneath it, on the ground, two little ravens were crying, and said:

"Our father and our mother have flown away. We have to find food for ourselves; and, weak little piping things, we don't know how to fly yet. Oh, help us, Yiry, dear! help us! Feed us, or we shall perish of hunger."

Not thinking long, Yiry sprang from his horse, and plunged the sword into his horse's side, so the little ravens might have something to eat.

"If you need it," piped the young ravens, "think of us, and we will help you, too."

Yiry was obliged to continue his journey on foot. He traveled long through the woods, and when at length he came out, he saw in front of him the great sea. On the shore two fishermen were quarreling. They had caught a great golden fish. Each one wished to have it for himself alone.

"The net is mine! The fish is mine!" said one.

To this the other answered:

"Little good would your net have been without my boat and my help."

"When we catch another such, it will be yours."

"No, no; you wait for the other and give me this."

"I will settle between you," said Yiry. "Sell me the fish; I will pay you well. Divide the money between you equally."

He gave them all the money the king had given him for the journey. He spared nothing. The fishermen were glad to find so good a market. But Yiry let the fish out into the sea. The fish



moved about gladly; dived down, came up again, and stuck out its head near the shore, saying:

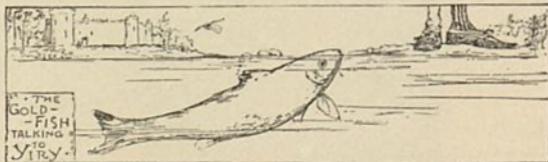
"If you should need me, Yiry, think of me, and I'll serve you."

Then it disappeared.

"Where are you going?" asked the fishermen.

"I am going to get the golden-haired maiden as bride for my master, the old king," answered Yiry, "and I don't know where to look for her."

"Oh, we can tell you all about her," said the fishermen. "That is Golden-Hair, the daughter of the king of the crystal palace there on that island. Every morning at day-break she combs her golden hair, and light goes out from it over the sky

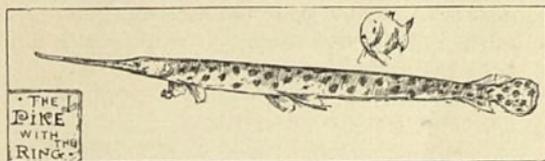


and the sea. If you like, we'll take you to the island, since you settled our dispute so well. But be careful to choose the right maiden, for there are twelve sisters, daughters of the king, and only one has golden hair."

When Yiry reached the island, he went to the

crystal palace to ask the king to give his golden-haired daughter to his master as wife.

"I will," answered the king, "but you must earn her. During three days you must perform three



tasks that I shall give you—one each day. Now, you may rest till to-morrow."

Next day the king said: "My Golden-Hair had a string of precious pearls; the string snapped, and the pearls fell amongst the tall grass in the green meadow. You must collect these pearls so that not one shall be missing."

Yiry went to the meadow; it was long and wide. He knelt down in the grass and began to search. He looked and looked, from morning till midday, but did not find a single pearl.

"Oh, if my ants were here, they would help me."

"But we are here to help you," called the ants, as they swarmed around him. "What do you wish?"

"I have to gather Golden-Hair's pearls in this meadow, and I do not see a single one."

"Wait a while. We will collect them for you."

It was not long before they brought him a heap of pearls from the grass. All that was needed was to put them on a string.

When he was about to tie the ends of the string, one halting ant came up, he was lame; he had burned his leg at the time of the fire. He cried out:

"Wait, Yiry, my dear, don't fasten the ends; I bring one more little pearl."

When Yiry brought the pearls to the king, he counted them; not one was missing.

"You have done your work well," said he. "To-morrow I will give you another task."

Yiry came in the morning and the king said to him:

"My Golden-Hair was bathing in the sea, and she lost a gold ring. You must find it and bring it here."

Yiry went to the sea, and walked along the shore in sadness. The sea was clear, but so deep that he could not see the bottom.

"Oh, if my gold-fish were here, it could help me."

That moment something gleamed in the water, and out of the depth a gold-fish swam to the surface and looked up at Yiry.

"But I am here to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to find a gold ring in the sea, and I cannot see the bottom."

"I have seen a pike with a gold ring in its fin. Wait a bit, I will bring it to you."

It was not long till the fish returned with the pike and the ring.

The king praised Yiry for having done his work so well, and the next morning gave him the third task.

"If you wish that I should give my Golden-Hair to your king as wife, you must bring the waters of life and death. She will need them."

Yiry did n't know where to go for the waters; he went here and there, wherever his legs carried him, till he came to a dark forest.

"Oh, if my ravens were here, they would help me."

Here something rustled above his head, and, wherever they came from, the two ravens were there.

"But here we are to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to get the waters of life and death, and I don't know where to look for them."

"Oh, we know well. Wait a little, and we will bring them to you."

In a short time, each one brought Yiry a gourd



full of water. In one was water of life, in the other the water of death. Yiry was

rejoiced that he had succeeded so

well, and hastened to the palace near the wood. He saw a spider's web stretched from one fir-tree to another, and in the center a great spider attacking a fly. Yiry took the gourd with the water of death, sprinkled the spider, and he fell to the ground dead. Then he sprinkled the fly with the water of life, from the other gourd. It began to buzz, escaped from the web, and flew out into the air.

"It's your luck, Yiry, that you brought me to life," buzzed the fly, "for without me, you would have hardly guessed which of the twelve is Golden-Hair."

When the king saw that Yiry had performed

the three tasks, he agreed to give him his golden-haired daughter.

"But," said he, "you must find her yourself."

Then he led him into a great hall. In the middle of the hall was a circular table. Around the table sat twelve beautiful maidens, one like the other, but each had on her head a long head-dress, reaching to the ground, and white as snow. So it could not be seen what kind of hair they had.

"Here are my daughters," said the king. "If you guess which one of them is Golden-Hair, she is yours, and you may take her away; if you do not guess, then she was not destined for you, and you must go away without her."

Yiry was in the greatest trouble, he did n't know how to begin. That moment something whispered in his ear:

"Buzz, b-z-z, b-z-z. Go around the table. I will tell you which is she."

It was the fly which Yiry had rescued from the spider, and raised up with the water of life.

"You have guessed," said the king.

She threw off her head-dress, and her golden hair rolled down in great waves to the floor, and threw out just such a light as the sun does when it rises, so that Yiry's eyes were almost dazzled by the radiance.

Then the king gave his daughter a proper outfit for the journey, and Yiry conducted her to the old king. The old king's eyes sparkled, and he jumped for joy when he saw Golden-Hair, and gave orders to prepare for the wedding.

"I wished to hang you for your disobedience," said the king, "so the crows might eat you; but you have served me so successfully that I will only cut your head off, and then I will have you buried decently."

When they had cut off Yiry's head, Golden-Hair begged the old king to give her the dead servant. He could n't refuse his Golden-Hair. She put Yiry's head on his body, and sprinkled him with the water of death. The body and head



"It is not this maiden, nor this, nor this, either," buzzed the fly to Yiry. "But here is Golden-Hair."

"Give me this daughter," cried Yiry, stepping near to her. "I have earned her for my master."

grew together, so there was n't a sign of a wound. Then she sprinkled him with the water of life, and Yiry rose up as if he had been born anew, fresh as a deer, and youth shone bright on his face.

"Oh, how soundly I have slept," said Yiry, and rubbed his eyes.

"I believe that," said Golden-Hair. "And if it had not been for the water of life, you would not have awakened for ages."

When the old king saw that Yiry had come to life, and that he was younger and more handsome than before, he wished to be young again himself. He gave orders to cut his own head off, and sprinkle him with the waters. So they beheaded him and

sprinkled him with the water of life till it was all used up, but the head would n't grow to his body. Then they began to sprinkle him with the water of death; body and head grew together at once, but now the old king was dead in earnest, for they had no water of life with which to raise him up. And as a kingdom cannot be without a king, and there was no other man in the realm so wise as to know the speech of all animals, as Yiry did, they made Yiry king and Golden-Hair queen.



THIRTEEN AND DOLLY.

BY MOLLIE NORTON.

OH Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm thirteen to-day,
And surely 't is time to be stopping my play!
My treasures, so childish, must be put aside;
I think, Henrietta, I'll play that you died;
I'm growing so old that of course it wont do
To care for a dolly,—not even for you.

Almost a young lady, I'll soon wear a train
And do up my hair; but I'll never be vain.
I'll study and study and grow very wise—
Come, Dolly, sit up now, and open your eyes;
I'll tie on this cap, with its ruffles of lace,
It always looks sweet round your beautiful face.

I'll bring out your dresses, so pretty and gay,
And fold them all smoothly and put them away;
This white one is lovely, with sash and pink bows—
Ah, I was so happy while making your clothes!
And here is your apron, with pockets so small,
This dear little apron, 't is nicest of all.

And now for your trunk, I will lay them all in—
Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, how can I begin!

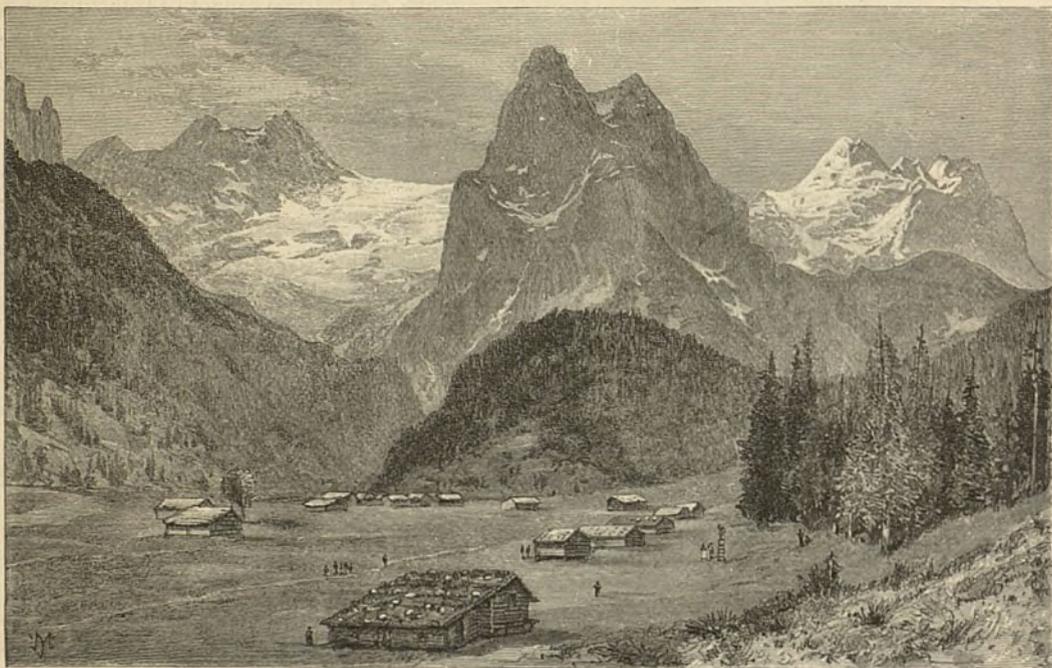
How oft of our journeys I'll think with a sigh—
We've traveled together so much, you and I!
All over the fields and the garden we went,
And played we were gypsies and lived in a tent.

We tried keeping house in so many queer ways,
Out under the trees in the warm summer days!
We moved to the arbor and played that the
flowers
Were housekeepers too, and were neighbors of
ours;
We lived in the hay-loft, and slid down the
ricks,
And went out to call on the turkeys and chicks.

Now here is your cradle with lining of blue,
And soft little pillow—I know what I'll do!
I'll rock you and sing my last lullaby song,
And I'll—No, I can't give you up! 'T will be
wrong!
So sad is my heart, and here comes a big tear—
Come back to my arms, oh, you precious old
dear!

THE SWISS GLACIERS.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.



THE ROSENLAUI GLACIER.

YOU all have read in your geographies, or have been told, about the vast "rivers of ice" called glaciers.

There are more than four hundred "stream glaciers" in Switzerland and the adjoining Tyrol, which have made those countries famous. No scene is more striking or beautiful than these great ice-rivers, placed often amid fertile and wooded valleys, where there are growing grain fields, fruit trees in bloom, smiling meadows, and human habitations.

Many ages ago, a greater part of the surface of the earth was covered with a sea of snow and ice, just as Greenland and certain parts of Switzerland are to-day. All the minor ridges and valleys of Greenland are constantly concealed under huge layers of ice and snow. The broad wastes of Greenland ice go on slipping forward and down to the sea, where, breaking loose in mountainous masses, they sail away as icebergs—the terror and dread of the northern Atlantic seas. Not many months ago, a great steam-ship, the "Arizona," ran into an iceberg and broke away a portion of her bow. Indeed, in many cases, vessels

have been utterly wrecked by icebergs. These floating mountains of ice are often of enormous size. Some of them have been grounded in Baffin's Bay, where the water is 1,500 feet deep. Another, seen by a French explorer in the South Sea, presented a mass of ice nearly equal to the greatest of the Swiss glaciers, it being thirteen miles long, and with walls 100 feet above the water. As ice floats with but one-ninth of its bulk raised above the surface of the sea, the term floating mountain does not seem to be an exaggeration. In 1842, the steamer "Acadia" passed one in the Atlantic ocean that was 400 to 500 feet above water, and therefore, on a moderate calculation, some 3,000 feet below the surface—a total height equal to that of the highest peak of the Green Mountains.

Glaciers are produced by the gradual changing into ice of the peculiar granular snow that falls in the high Alpine regions, above the snow limit of 18,000 feet. The height at which vegetation ceases in Switzerland is about 6,000 feet, though Prof. Agassiz found a tuft of lichen growing on the only rock that pierced through the icy summit of

the Jungfrau mountain, nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. The snow, as it showers down, is as perfectly dry as so much fine flour, and the ice formed from it is very different from our pond or river ice, or sea ice, called ice-floe. The snow not only falls in winter, but from time to time throughout the seasons. Melting during the day, it is at night frozen into a kind of pudding-stone ice, in rough cakes, which gradually or suddenly slip below to form the first portion of the glacier. As they collect in very loose order, they move slowly farther down, melting and freezing together, until they become changed into a mass of clear blue ice at the lowest point of the glacier. It is curious to examine one, starting upward from where the ice is transparent and blue, and find it gradually becoming less compact, less clear, more light and granular, until at the highest point, where it is snow, it is as light and shifting as down.

Very large quantities of rock and broken material from the tops of the Alps are carried down by the glaciers, either quite into the low valleys, or to the ledges along the way. These accumulations on the side of a glacier appear, like the embankments of a canal or river, as if built to prevent the glacier from spreading. In the lower portion of Switzerland, called the Jura, are to be found blocks of stone, some of them as large as cottages, transported there by glaciers from a distance of fifty miles. The rocks, broken material, and dust are so thickly spread over the tops of most ice-rivers that their true character is concealed, and at a little distance, or even in walking over them, not a strip of ice can be seen for some distance. The surfaces of others, however, are clear, like the Rhone glacier, and dazzling to the eyes in a strong sunlight.

Strange sights appear in plenty as you wander over one of these huge ice-rivers. Large slabs of stone, supported on legs of ice, are frequently to be met with, the leg of ice having been saved from melting by the stone. (These blocks of ice make very convenient tables, too, on which to spread out a lunch.) Whenever a glacier's course takes it over a precipice or sharp decline, the surface is split up into innumerable huge ice-needles and ice-pyramids, some standing at an angle, appearing just ready to topple over and crush any one rash enough to approach them. Occasionally, at a sharp decline, the ice-river will break in two, the forward part shooting ahead, and the rear portion gradually, or as quickly, closing up the gap. A hamlet in the St. Nicholas valley has been, on several occasions, partially destroyed by the falling of the Bis glacier. At one time, 360 millions of cubic feet of ice fell in an instant toward the hamlet, the agitation of the air causing houses to be twisted around and their roofs torn

off, while many others were crushed like almond-shells. In speaking of a scene like this, an eyewitness says: "It made its presence known by a frightful noise; everything around us appeared to move of itself. Rocks, apparently solidly fixed in the ice, began to detach themselves and dash against each other; crevasses [cracks in the ice], ten and twenty feet wide, opened before our eyes with a fearful crash, and others, suddenly closing, drove to a great height the water which they contained." When these cracks do not close up, or, as is frequently the case, do not extend to the bottom of the glacier, the melted ice-water flows down their sides, to collect at the bottom, and, in doing so, polishes the ice to a beautiful marine green. I saw a guide on the Gröner glacier pause over a crevasse many yards wide and nearly filled with water; and such was its depth that, after he had hurled his heavy alpenstock down through the water, some time elapsed—in fact, I thought it lost—before it shot up through the green surface. If the water flows into a well from between the layers of ice, a weird sound may be heard coming up from the depths, that has been well compared to the tinkling of a silver bell. The smaller cracks in the ice become lightly covered by frost or snow, and the careless traveler runs the risk of breaking through these frail snow-bridges, and losing his life. Such accidents are prevented by the members of a party linking themselves together with a strong, light rope, and, in case one person breaks through, the others prevent him from falling any distance. Several lives have been lost in Switzerland, during the past season, through the neglect of this precaution.

It is at the lowest portion of a glacier, however, that more signs of its destruction are to be seen than elsewhere. The melting ice at the end of the Glacier des Bois often forms an ice-vault, or portico, one hundred feet high, from the bottom of which rushes out the yellowish, frothy glacier-water. When the vault becomes top-heavy, it breaks in upon the stream with a thundering crash. One winter, one of these vaults was supported by a regular and beautifully fluted column composed of icicles. The lower part of an ice-river sometimes forms a delightful picture, with its flower-covered banks, a rye-field, perhaps, growing at one side, and the ears of ripening rye nodding over the ice.

On one of the most beautiful Alpine routes, the bridle-path leads over green pastures and alps decked with rhododendrons and patches of vivid and countless wild-flowers; passing in view of a magnificently scarred and broken wall of ice and snow twenty-five miles long, which pierces the clouds, and increases in grandeur almost throughout the whole distance. About the middle of the second day of

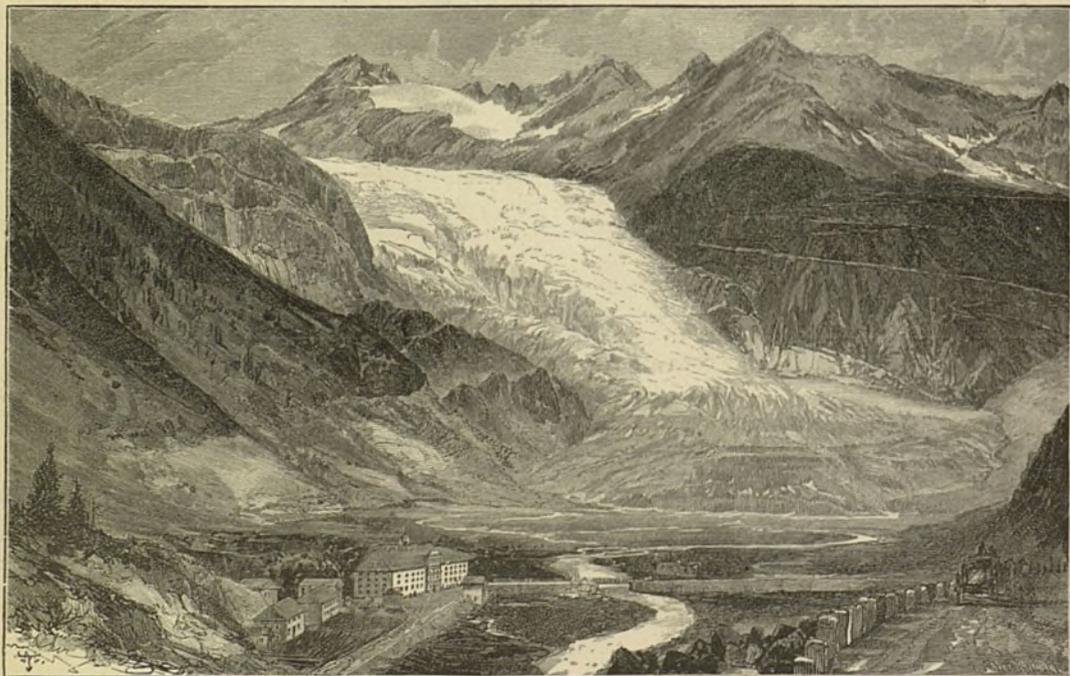
the journey, we would find ourselves, after a good dinner, seated in a comfortable chair within a seeming stone's throw of that majestic mountain, the Jungfrau, its summit and higher portions covered with snow of the most brilliant purity, while one of its minor peaks, called the silver horn, is perfectly dazzling. Here, seated in safety and ease, we might, on a warm day, be greeted by the rush and bomb of an avalanche. At the distance, though seemingly near, it would appear like a small white cascade curling up white puffs of snow, but in reality it would consist of many tons of ice and snow powerful enough to cut its way through any obstacle, though there harmlessly hurling itself into a deserted valley.

There are many celebrated Alpine points from which to view the glaciers. In descending from one of these higher overlooking mountains, the ascent to which had led us a half-hour over ice and snow, the distance was considerably shortened by a safe and exhilarating slide on the smooth ice covered with downy snow. It reduced the half-hour to a few minutes, but I had no wish to repeat the experiment. We simply had to take a seat on the snow near the edge of the incline, give a slight push,

Near Mount Rosa, in 1861, some members of the Alpine Club discovered a peculiarly grand and beautiful crevasse, hollowed out into a long cavern formed like the letter C. The walls were of a transparent blue color, arched over from the sun, "while from the roof above hung down a forest of long, clear icicles, each adorned with two or three lace-like fringes of hoar frost." They were seeking shelter from a sudden gale of wind, and to enter the cavern were forced to sweep these beautiful decorations down with their poles.

The three pictures will give you a good idea of how the Alpine glaciers look. The one on page 14 represents the Rosenlauri glacier, noted for the rosy hue and great purity of its ice. It lies between the two mountains of the Wellhorn and the Engelhorner, and to the right of the picture is the Wetterhorn, a famous Alpine peak, 12,165 feet high.

The Rhone glacier, shown in our second illustration, is imbedded between the Gersthorn and the Galenstock, and extends backward like a huge terrace for a distance of fifteen miles. As its name denotes, it is the source of the river Rhone. At the foot of this glacier, an ice-grotto is hewn into the mass of clear blue ice. To the right is



THE RHONE GLACIER.

and before we knew what had happened, the bottom of the snow-field was reached. The drawbacks were shoes and garments filled with snow, followed the next day by frosted toes,—in August, too.

seen the Furca road, ascending the mountain in long zig-zags.

The Grand Mulets is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is the point reached by travelers on



GRAND MULETS, MONT BLANC.

the first day's ascent of Mont Blanc. During the second day, they reach the summit and return to Grand Mulets, and on the third they descend to Chamounix. It was in the vale of Chamounix that the English poet, Coleridge, wrote his beautiful "Hymn before Sunrise," containing these lines about the glaciers:

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped, at once, amid their maddest plunge.
 Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God!—Let the torrents, like a shout of nations
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!"

Mont Blanc, you know, is the highest mountain of Europe, and on its side, in an icy desert 9143 feet above the sea, is to be found a little oasis of grass and flowers celebrated all over the world as the "Jardin." A more strangely placed "garden" is not to be found anywhere; it is the delight of travelers, and there are to be seen, in many Ameri-

can homes, carefully pressed flowers from this lofty garden, preserved as souvenirs of a visit there. During certain states of the atmosphere, in passing over the upper portions of a glacier, gleams of beautiful blue light issue from every hole made by the feet or staff in the snow. At that elevation, the snow as it falls is presented to the naked eye as showers of white, frozen flowers, all of them six-leaved, but of many different arrangements. When, from a high peak, the wind catches up this new-fallen snow in light clouds, and spreads it out like the graceful tail of a comet, the Swiss say the peak is smoking a pipe.

The glaciers assume many other strange appearances, sometimes looking like a pure water-fall, as in the case of the Pali glacier, which is claimed by many to be the most beautiful of all. Sometimes they look in the distance like fleecy clouds resting in the hollows, and sometimes, at sunset, like gorgeous plains of many-colored crystal. The singular effect called "red snow," to be found among the glaciers, is really a curious plant, springing up in such abundance as to redden large patches, just as small plants make green the surfaces of our ponds in summer.

A NONSENSE RHYME.

BY J. W. RILEY.

RINGLETY JING!
 And what will we sing?
 Some little crinkety-crankety thing,
 That rhymes and chimes
 And skips, sometimes,
 As though wound up with a kink in the spring.

Grunkety-krung!
 And chunkety-plung!
 Sing the song that the bull-frog sung,—
 A song of the soul
 Of a mad tadpole,
 That met his fate in a leaky bowl;
 And it's O for the first false wiggle he made
 In a sea of pale pink lemonade!
 And it's O for the thirst
 Within him pent,
 And the hopes that burst
 As his reason went,
 When his strong arm failed and his strength was
 spent.

Sing, O sing!
 Of the things that cling,
 And the claws that clutch, and the fangs that
 sting—
 Till the tadpole's tongue
 And his tail unflung
 Quavered and failed with a song unsung!
 —Oh! the dank despair in the rank morass,
 Where the cray-fish crouch in the cringing grass,

And the long limp rune of the loon wails on
 For the mad, sad soul
 Of a bad tadpole
 Forever lost and gone!

Jinglety-Jee!
 And now we'll see
 What the last of the lay shall be,
 As the dismal tip of the tune, O friends,
 Swoons away where the long tail ends.
 And its O and alack!
 For the tangled legs
 And the spangled back
 Of the green grigg's eggs,
 And the unstrung strain
 Of the strange refrain
 That the winds wind up like a strand of rain.
 And it's O,
 Also,
 For the ears wreathed low,
 Like a laurel-wreath on the lifted brow,
 Of the frog that chants of the why and how,
 And the wherefore, too, and the thus and so
 Of the wail he weaves in a woof of woe.
 Twangle, then, with your wrangling strings
 The tinkling links of a thousand things!
 And clang the pang of a maddening moan
 Till the echo, hid in a land unknown,
 Shall leap as he hears, and hoot and hoo,
 Like the wretched wraith of a Whoopy Doo.

THE MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a great castle which belonged to a magician. It stood upon a high hill, with a wide court-yard in front of it, and the fame of its owner spread over the whole land. He was a very wise and skillful magician, as well as a kind and honest man, and people of all degrees came to him, to help them out of their troubles.

But he gradually grew very old, and at last he died. His only descendant was a daughter, thirteen years old, named Filamina, and everybody

wondered what would happen, now that the great magician was dead.

But one day, Filamina came out on the broad front steps of the castle, and made a little speech to all the giants, and afrits, and fairies, and genii, and dwarfs, and gnomes, and elves, and pigmies, and other creatures of that kind, who had always been in the service of the old magician, to do his bidding when some wonderful thing was to be accomplished.

"Now that my poor father is dead," said she, "I think it is my duty to carry on the business. So you will all do what I tell you to do, just as you used to obey my father. If any persons come who want anything done, I will attend to them."

The giants and fairies, and all the others, were very glad to hear Filamina say this, for they all liked her, and they were tired of being idle.

Then an afrit arose from the sunny stone on which he had been lying, and said that there were six people outside of the gate, who had come to see if there was a successor to the magician, who could help them out of their trouble.

"You can bring them into the Dim-lit Vault," said Filamina, "but, first, I will go in and get ready for them."

The Dim-lit Vault was a vast apartment, with a vaulted ceiling, where the old magician used to see the people who came to him. All around the walls or shelves, and on stands and tables, in various parts of the room, were the strange and wonderful instruments of magic that he used.

There was a great table in the room, covered with parchments and old volumes of magic lore. At one end of the table was the magician's chair, and in this Filamina seated herself, first piling several cushions on the seat, to make herself high enough.

"Now, then," said she, to the afrit in attendance, "everything seems ready, but you must light something to make a mystic smell. That iron lamp at the other end of the room will do. Do you know what to pour into it?"

The afrit did not know, but he thought he could find something, so he examined the bottles on the shelves, and taking down one of them, he poured some of its contents into the lamp and lighted it. In an instant there was an explosion, and a piece of the heavy lamp just grazed the afrit's head.

"Don't try that again," said Filamina. "You will be hurt. Let a ghost come in. He can't be injured."

So a ghost came in, and he got another iron lamp, and tried the stuff from another bottle. This blew up, the same as the other, and several pieces of the lamp went right through the ghost's body, but of course it made no difference to him. He tried again, and this time he found something which smelt extremely mystical.

"Now call them in," said Filamina, and the six persons who were in trouble entered the room. Filamina took a piece of paper and a pencil, and asked them, in turn, what they wished her to do for them. The first was a merchant, in great grief because he had lost a lot of rubies, and he wanted to know where to find them.

"How many of them were there?" asked Filamina of the unlucky merchant.

"Two quarts," said the merchant. "I measured them a few days ago. Each one of them was as large as a cherry."

"A big cherry?" asked Filamina.

"Yes," said the merchant. "The biggest kind of a cherry."

"Well," said Filamina, putting all this down on her paper, "you can come again in a week, and I will see what I can do for you."

The next was a beautiful damsel who had lost her lover.

"What kind of a person is he?" asked Filamina.

"Oh," said the beautiful damsel, "he is handsomer than tongue can tell. Tall, magnificent, and splendid in every way. He is more graceful than a deer, and stronger than a lion. His hair is like flowing silk, and his eyes like the noon-day sky."

"Well, don't cry any more," said Filamina. "I think we shall soon find him. There can't be many of that kind. Come again in a week, if you please."

The next person was a covetous king, who was very anxious to possess the kingdom next to his own.

"The only difficulty is this," he said, his greedy eyes twinkling as he spoke, "there is an old king on the throne, and there is a very young heir—a mere baby. If they were both dead, I would be the next of kin, and would have the kingdom. I don't want to have them killed instantly. I want something that will make them sicker, and sicker, and sicker, till they die."

"Then you would like something suitable for a very old man, and something for a very young child?" said Filamina.

"That is exactly it," replied the covetous king.

"Very well," said Filamina; "come again in a week, and I will see what I can do for you."

The covetous king did not want to wait so long, but there was no help for it, and he went away.

Next came forward a young man, who wanted to find out how to make gold out of old iron bars and horseshoes. He had tried many different plans, but could not succeed. After him came a general, who could never defeat the great armies which belonged to the neighboring nations. He wanted to get something which would insure victory to his army. Both of these were told to come again in a week, when their cases would be attended to.

The last person was an old woman, who wanted to know a good way to make root-beer. She had sold root-beer for a long time, but it was not very good, and it made people feel badly, so that her custom was falling off. It was really necessary, she said, for her to have a good business, in order that she might support her sons and daughters, and send her grandchildren to school.

"Poor woman!" said Filamina. "I will do my best for you. Do you live far away?"

"Oh, yes," said the old woman, "a weary way."

"Well, then, I will have you taken home, and I will send for you in a week."

Thereupon, calling two tall giants, she told them to carry the old woman home in a sedan-chair, which they bore between them.

When the visitors had all gone, Filamina called in her servants and read to them the list she had made.

"As for this merchant," she said, "some of you gnomes ought to find his rubies. You are used to precious stones. Take a big cherry with you, and try to find two quarts of rubies of that size. A dozen fairies can go and look for the handsome lover of the beautiful damsel. You'll be sure to know him if you see him. A genie can examine the general's army and see what's the matter with it. Four or five dwarfs, used to working with metals, can take some horseshoes and try to make gold ones of them. Do any of you know of a good disease for an old person, and a good disease for a baby?"

An elf suggested rheumatism for the old person, and Filamina herself thought of colic for the baby.

"Go and mix me," she said to an afrit, "some rheumatism and some colic in a bottle. I am going to make that greedy king take it himself. As for the root-beer," she continued, "those of

Thereupon, Filamina went up to her own room to take a nap, while quite a number of fairies, giants, dwarfs and others went to work to try and make good root-beer. They made experiments with nearly all the decoctions and chemicals they found on the shelves, or stored away in corners, and they boiled, and soaked, and mixed, and stirred, until far into the night.

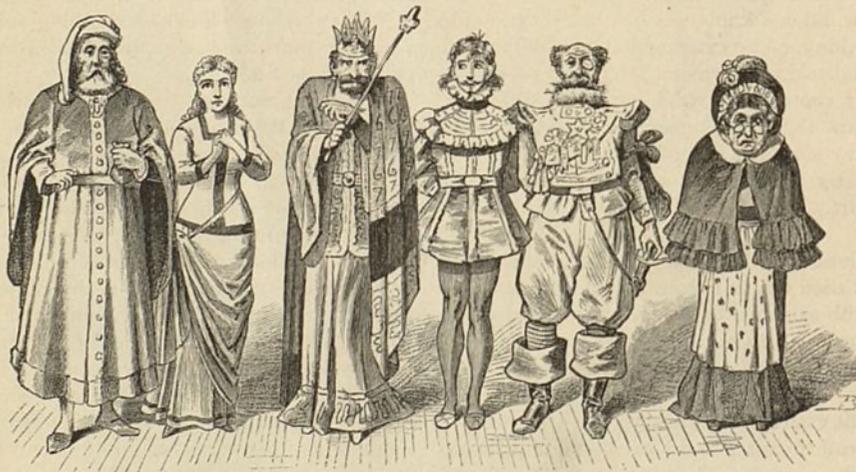
It was a moonlight night, and one of the gnomes went from the Dim-lit Vault, where his companions were working away, into the court-yard, and there he met the ghost, who was gliding around by himself.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the gnome, "I don't want to be here to-morrow morning, when that stuff is to be tasted. They're making a lot of dreadful messes in there. I'm going to run away, till it's all over."

"It does n't make any difference to me," said the ghost, "for I would n't be asked to drink anything; but, if you're going to run away, I don't mind going with you. I have n't got anything to do." So off the two started together, out of the great gate.

"Hold up!" soon cried the gnome, who was running as fast as his little legs would carry him. "Can't you glide slower? I can't keep up with you."

"You ought to learn to glide," said the ghost, languidly. "It's ever so much easier than walking."



THE SIX APPLICANTS WHO WISHED TO BE HELPED OUT OF TROUBLE.

you who think you can do it, can take any of the stuff you find on the shelves here, and try to make good root-beer out of it. To-morrow, we will see if any of you have made beer that is really good. I will give a handsome reward to the one who first finds out how it ought to be made."

"When I'm all turned into faded smoke," said the gnome, a little crossly, "I'll try it; but I can't possibly do it now."

So the ghost glided more slowly, and the two soon came to the cottage of a wizard and a witch, who lived near the foot of the hill, where they

sometimes got odd jobs from the people who were going up to the magician's castle. As the wizard and his wife were still up, the gnome and his companion went in to see them and have a chat.

"How are you getting on?" said the ghost, as they all sat around the fire. "Have you done much incanting lately?"

"Not much," said the wizard. "We thought we would get a good deal of business when the old man died; but the folks seem to go up to the castle the same as ever."

"Yes," said the gnome, "and there's rare work going on up there now. They're trying to make root-beer for an old woman, and you never saw such a lot of poisonous trash as they stewed up."

"They can't make root-beer!" sharply cried the witch. "They don't know anything about it. There is only one person who has that secret, and that one is myself."

"Oh, tell it to me!" exclaimed the gnome, jumping from his chair. "There's to be a reward for the person who can do it right, and —"

"Reward!" cried the witch. "Then I'm likely to tell it to you, indeed! When you're all done trying, I'm going to get that reward myself."

"Then I suppose we might as well bid you good-night," said the gnome, and he and the ghost took their departure.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the latter, wisely shaking his head, "those people will never prosper; they're too stingy."

"True," said the gnome, and just at that moment they met a pigwidgeon, who had been sent from the castle a day or two before on a long errand. He, of course, wanted to know where the gnome and the ghost were going; but when he heard their story, he said nothing, but kept on his way.

When he reached the castle, he found that all the beer had been made, and that the busy workers had just brought out the various pots and jars into the court-yard to cool. The pigwidgeon took a sniff or two at the strange stuff in some of the jars, and then he told about the gnome and the ghost running away. When he mentioned the reason of their sudden departure, the whole assemblage stood and looked at each other in dismay.

"I never thought of that," said a tall giant; "but it's just what will happen. We shall have

to taste those mixtures, and I should n't wonder a bit if half of them turned out to be poison. I'm going!" And so saying, he clapped on his hat,



THE GNOME VISITS THE WITCH AND WIZARD.

and made one step right over the court-yard wall. In an instant, every giant, genie, dwarf, fairy, gnome, afrit, elf, and the rest of them, followed him out of the gate or over the wall, and, swarming down the hill, they disappeared toward all quarters of the compass.

All but one young hobgoblin. He had a faithful heart, and he would not desert his mistress. He stayed behind, and in the morning, when she came down, he told her what had happened.

"And they have all deserted me," she said, sadly, "but you."

The hobgoblin bowed his head. His head was a great deal too large, and his legs and arms were dangly, but he had an honest face.

"Perhaps they were wise," she said, looking into the pots and jars. "It might have killed them. But they were cowards to run away, instead of telling me about it; and I shall make you Ruler of the Household, because you are the only faithful one."

The hobgoblin was overwhelmed with gratitude, and could scarcely say a word.

"But I can never get along without any of them," said Filamina. "We must go and look for them; some may not be far away. We will lock the gate and take the key. May I call you Hob?"

The hobgoblin said she certainly might, if she'd like it.

"Well, then, Hob," said she, "you must go and get a chair, for we can't reach the big lock from the ground."

So Hob ran and got a chair, and brought it outside. They pulled the gate shut, and, standing on

the chair, and both using all their force, they turned the big key, which the hobgoblin then took out, and carried, as they both walked away.

"You ought to be careful of the key," said Filamina, "for, if you lose it, we shall not be able to get back. Have n't you a pocket?"

"Not one big enough," said the hobgoblin; "but you might slip it down my back. It would be safe there."

So Filamina took the key and slipped it down his back. It was so big that it reached along the whole of his spine, and it was very cold; but he said never a word.

They soon came to the cottage of the wizard, and there they stopped, to ask if anything had been seen of the runaways. The witch and the wizard received them very politely, and said that they had seen a gnome and a ghost, but no others. Then Filamina told how her whole household, with the exception of the faithful hobgoblin, had gone off and deserted her; and, when she had finished her story, the witch had become very much excited. Drawing her husband to one side, she said to him:

"Engage our visitors in conversation for a time. I will be back directly."

So saying, she went into a little back-room, jumped out of the window, and ran as fast as she could go to the castle.

"Just to think of it!" she said to herself, as she hurried along. "That whole castle empty! Not a creature in it! Such a chance will never happen again! I can rummage among all the wonderful treasures of the old magician. I shall learn more than I ever knew in my life!"

In the meantime, the wizard, who was a very kindly person, talked to Filamina and the hobgoblin about the wonders of Nature, and told them of his travels in various parts of the earth, all of which interested Filamina very much; and, as the hobgoblin was ever faithful to his mistress, he became just as much interested as he could be.

When the witch reached the castle, she was surprised to find the great gate locked. She had never thought of that. "I did n't see either of them have the key," she said to herself, "and it is too big to put in anybody's pocket. Perhaps they've hidden it under the step."

So she got down on her knees, and groped about under the great stone before the gate. But she found no key. Then she saw the chair which had been left by the gate.

"Oho!" she cried. "That 's it! They put the key on the ledge over the gate, and had the chair to stand on!"

She then quickly set the chair before the gate and stood up on it. But she could not yet reach the ledge, so she got up on the back. She could

now barely put her hands over the ledge, and while she was feeling for the key, the chair toppled and fell over, leaving her hanging by her hands. She was afraid to drop, for she thought she would hurt herself, and so she hung, kicking and calling for help.

Just then, there came up a hippogriff, who had become penitent, and determined to return to his duty. He was amazed to see the witch hanging in front of the gate, and ran up to her.

"Aha!" he cried. "Trying to climb into our castle, are you? You're a pretty one!"

"Oh, Mr. Hippogriff," said the witch, "I can explain it all to you, if I can only get down. Please put that chair under me. I'll do anything for you, if you will."

The hippogriff reflected. What could she do for him? Then he thought that perhaps she knew how to make good root-beer. So he said he would help her down if she would tell him how to make root-beer.

"Never!" she cried. "I am going to get the reward for that myself. Anything but that!"

"Nothing but that will suit me," said the hippogriff, "and if you don't choose to tell me, I'll leave you hanging there until the giants and the afrits come back, and then you will see what you will get."

This frightened the witch very much, and in a few moments she told the hippogriff that, if he would stretch up his long neck, she would whisper the secret in his ear. So he stretched up his neck, and she told him the secret.

As soon as he had heard it, he put the chair under her, and she got down, and ran home as fast as she could go.

She reached the cottage none too soon, for the wizard was finding it very hard to keep on engaging his visitors in conversation.

Filamina now rose to go, but the witch asked her to stay a little longer.

"I suppose you know all about your good father's business," said she, "now that you are carrying it on alone."

"No," said Filamina, "I don't understand it very well; but I try to do the best that I can."

"What you ought to do," said the witch, "is to try to find one or two persons who understand the profession of magic, and have been, perhaps, carrying it on, in a small way, themselves. Then they could do all the necessary magical work, and you would be relieved of all trouble and worry."

"That would be very nice," said Filamina, "if I could find such persons."

Just then a splendid idea came into the head of the hobgoblin. Leaning toward his mistress, he whispered, "How would these two do?"

"Good!" said Filamina, and turning to the worthy couple, she said, "Would you be willing to take the situation, and come to the castle to live?"

The witch and the wizard both said that they would be perfectly willing to do so. They would shut up their cottage, and come with her immediately, if that would please her. Filamina thought that would suit exactly, and so the cottage was shut up, and the four walked up to the castle, the witch assuring Filamina that she and her husband would find out where the runaways were, as soon as they could get to work with the magical instruments.

When they reached the gate, and Filamina pulled the key from the hobgoblin's back, the witch opened her eyes very wide.

"If I had known that," she said to herself, "I need not have lost the reward."

All now entered the castle, and the penitent hippogriff, who had been lying in a shadow of the wall, quietly followed them.

The wizard and the witch went immediately into the Dim-lit Vault, and began with great delight to examine the magical instruments. In a short time the wizard came hurrying to call Filamina.

"Here," he said, when he had brought her into the room, "is a myth-summoner. With this, you can bring back all your servants. You see these rows of keys, of so many colors. Some are for fairies, some for giants, some for genii, and there are some



THE WITCH SEARCHES FOR THE KEY.

for each kind of creature. Strike them, and you will see what will happen."

Filamina immediately sat down before the keyboard of this strange machine, and ran her fingers along the rows of keys. In a moment, from all directions, through the air, and over the earth, came giants, fairies, afrits, genii, dwarfs, gnomes, and all the rest of them. They did not care to come, but there was nothing for them but instant

obedience when the magic keys were struck which summoned them.

They collected in the court-yard, and Filamina stood in the door-way and surveyed them.

"Don't you all feel ashamed of yourselves?" she said.

No one answered, but all hung their heads. Some of the giants, great awkward fellows, blushed a little, and even the ghost seemed ill at ease.

"You need n't be afraid of the beer now," she said, "I am going to have it all thrown away; and you need n't have been afraid of it before. If any of you had been taken sick, we would have stopped the tasting. As you all deserted me, except this good hobgoblin, I make him Ruler of the Household, and you are to obey him. Do you understand that?"

All bowed their heads, and she left them to their own reflections.

"The next time they run away," said the faithful Hob, "you can bring them back before they go."

In a day or two, the messengers which Filamina had sent out to look for the lost rubies, and the lost lover, to inquire into the reason why the general lost his battles, and to try and find out how horseshoes could be turned into gold, returned and made their reports. They had not been recalled by the myth-summoner, because their special business, in some magical manner, disconnected them from the machine.

The gnomes who had been sent to look for the rubies, reported that they had searched everywhere, but could not find two quarts of rubies, the size of cherries. They thought the merchant must have made a mistake, and that he should have said currants. The dwarfs, who had endeavored to make gold out of horseshoes, simply stated that they could not do it; they had tried every possible method. The genie who had gone to find out why the general always lost his battles reported that his army was so much smaller and weaker than those of the neighboring countries that it was impossible for him to make a good fight; and the fairies who had searched for the lost lover said that there were very few persons, indeed, who answered to the description given by the beautiful damsel, and these were all married and settled.

Filamina, with the witch and the wizard, carefully considered these reports, and determined upon the answers to be given to the applicants when they returned.

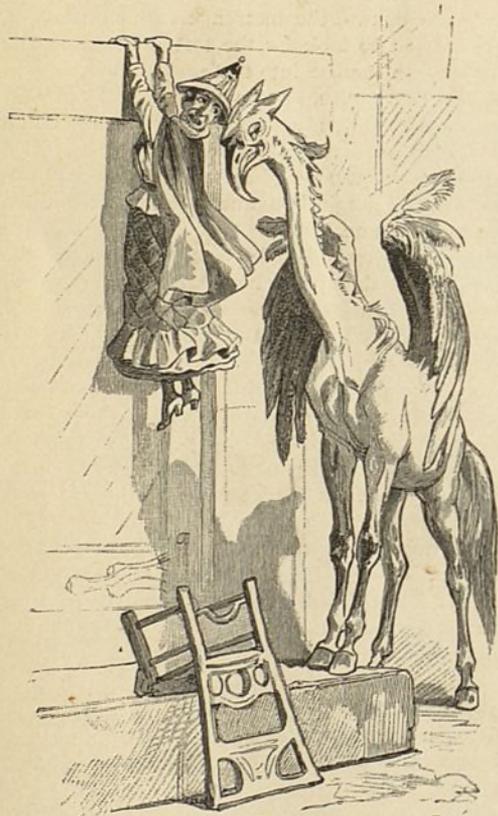
The next day, there rode into the court-yard of the castle a high-born boy. He was somewhat startled by the strange creatures he saw around him, but he was a brave fellow, and kept steadily on until he reached the castle door, where he dismounted and entered. He was very much disap-

pointed when he heard that the great magician was dead, for he came to consult him on an important matter.

When he saw Filamina, he told her his story. He was the son of a prince, but his father and mother had been dead for some time. Many of the people of the principality to which he was heir urged him to take his seat upon the throne, because they had been so long without a regular ruler; while another large party thought it would be much wiser for him to continue his education until he was grown up, when he would be well prepared to enter upon the duties of his high position. He had been talked to a great deal by the leaders of each of these parties, and, not being able to make up his mind as to what he should do, he had come here for advice.

"Is the country pretty well ruled now?" asked Filamina, after considering the matter a moment.

"Oh, yes," answered the high-born boy; "there



THE HIPPOGRIFF GAINS THE SECRET.

are persons, appointed by my father, who govern everything all right. It's only the name of the thing that makes some of the people discontented.

All the principalities in our neighborhood have regular princes, and they want one, too."

"I'll tell you what I would do," said Filamina. "I would just keep on going to school, and being taught things, until I was grown up, and knew everything that a prince ought to know. Then you could just manage your principality in your own way. Look at me! Here am I with a great castle, and a whole lot of strange creatures for servants, and people coming to know things, and I can do hardly anything myself, and have to get a wizard and a witch to come and manage my business for me. I'm sure I would n't get into the same kind of a fix if I were you."

"I don't believe," said the high-born boy, "that I could have had any better advice than that from the very oldest magician in the whole world. I will do just what you have said."

Filamina now took her young visitor around the castle to show him the curious things, and when he heard of the people who were coming the next day, to know what had been done for them, he agreed to stay and see how matters would turn out. Filamina's accounts had made him very much interested in the various cases.

At the appointed time, all the persons who had applied for magical assistance and information assembled in the Dim-lit Vault. Filamina sat at the end of the table, the high-born boy had a seat at her right, while the witch and the wizard were at her left. The applicants stood at the other end of the table, while the giants, afrits, and the rest of the strange household grouped themselves around the room.

"Some of these cases," said Filamina, "I have settled myself, and the others I have handed over to these wise persons, who are a wizard and a witch. They can attend to their patients first."

The high-born boy thought that she ought to have said "clients," or "patrons," but he was too polite to speak of it.

The wizard now addressed the merchant who had lost the rubies.

"How do you know that you lost two quarts of rubies?" said he.

"I know it," replied the merchant, "because I measured them in two quart pots."

"Did you ever use those pots for anything else?" asked the wizard.

"Yes," said the merchant; "I afterward measured six quarts of sapphires with them."

"Where did you put your sapphires when you had measured them?"

"I poured them into a peck jar," said the merchant.

"Did they fill it?" asked the wizard.

"Yes; I remember thinking that I might as



THE TWO GIANTS BRING IN THE SEDAN-CHAIR.

well tie a cloth over the top of the jar, for it would hold no more."

"Well, then," said the wizard, "as six quarts of sapphires will not fill a peck jar, I think you will find your rubies at the bottom of the jar, where you probably poured them when you wished to use the quart pots for the sapphires."

"I should n't wonder," said the merchant. "I'll go right home and see."

He went home, and sure enough, under the six quarts of sapphires, he found his rubies.

"As for you," said the wizard to the general who always lost his battles, "your case is very

simple: your army is too weak. What you want is about twelve giants, and this good young lady says she is willing to furnish them. Twelve giants, well armed with iron clubs, tremendous swords and long spears, with which they could reach over moats and walls, and poke the enemy, would make your army almost irresistible."

"Oh, yes," said the general, looking very much troubled, "that is all true; but think how much it would cost to keep a dozen enormous giants! They would eat more than all the rest of the army. My king is poor; he is not able to support twelve giants."

"In that case," said the wizard, "war is a luxury which he cannot afford. If he cannot provide the means to do his fighting in the proper way, he ought to give it up, and you and he should employ your army in some other way. Set the soldiers at some profitable work, and then the kingdom will not be so poor."

The general could not help thinking that this was very good advice, and when he went home and told his story, his king agreed with him. The kingdom lay between two seas, and the soldiers

he declared. "The best metal-workers here have failed in the undertaking, and I myself have tried, for many years, to turn old iron into gold, but never could do it. Indeed, it is one of the things which magicians cannot do. Are you so poor that you are much in need of gold?"

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I am not poor at all. But I would like very much to be able to make gold whenever I please."

"The best thing you can do," said the wizard, "if you really wish to work in metals, is to make



ADIEU TO FILAMINA AND THE HIGH-BORN BOY.

were set to work to cut a canal right through the middle of the country, from one sea to the other.

Then the ships belonging to the neighboring kingdoms were allowed to sail through this canal, and charged a heavy toll. In this way the kingdom became very prosperous, and everybody agreed that it was a great deal better than carrying on wars and always being beaten.

The wizard next spoke to the young man who wanted to know how to make gold out of horseshoes.

"I think you will have to give up your idea,"

he declared. "The best metal-workers here have failed in the undertaking, and I myself have tried, for many years, to turn old iron into gold, but never could do it. Indeed, it is one of the things which magicians cannot do. Are you so poor that you are much in need of gold?"

"Oh, no," said the young man. He did not say anything, but he looked very much disappointed.

This ended the wizard's cases, and Filamina now began to do her part. She first called up the greedy king who wanted the adjoining kingdom.

"Here is a bottle," she said, "which contains a very bad disease for an old person and a very bad one for a child. Whenever you feel that you would like the old king and the young heir, who

stand between you and the kingdom you want, to be sick, take a good drink from the bottle."

The greedy king snatched the bottle, and, as soon as he reached home, he took a good drink, and he had the rheumatism and the colic so bad that he never again wished to make anybody sick.

"As for you," said Filamina to the beautiful damsel who had lost her lover, "my fairy messengers have not been able to find any person, such as you describe, who is not married and settled. So your lover must have married some one else. And, as you cannot get him, I think the best thing you can do is to marry this young man, who wanted to make horseshoes into gold. Of course, neither of you will get exactly what you came for, but it will be better than going away without anything."

The beautiful damsel and the young man stepped aside and talked the matter over, and they soon agreed to Filamina's plan, and went away quite happy.

"I am dreadfully sorry," said Filamina to the old woman who wanted to know how to make good root-beer, and who sat in the sedan-chair which had been sent for her, "but we have tried our very best to find out how to make good root-beer, and the stuff we brewed was awful. I have asked this learned witch about it, and she says she does not now possess the secret. I have also offered a reward to any one who can tell me how to do it, but no one seems to want to try for it."

At this moment, the penitent hippogriff came forward from a dark corner where he had been sitting, and said: "I know what you must use to make good root-beer."

"What is it?" asked Filamina.

"Roots," said the hippogriff.

"That 's perfectly correct," said the witch. "If a person will use roots, instead of all sorts of drugs and strange decoctions, they will make root-beer that is really good."

A great joy crept over the face of the old woman, and again and again she thanked Filamina for this great secret.

The two giants raised her in her sedan-chair, and bore her away to her home, where she immediately set to work to brew root-beer from roots. Her beer soon became so popular that she was enabled to support her sons and daughters in luxury, and to give each of her grandchildren an excellent education.

When all the business was finished, and the penitent hippogriff had been given his reward, Filamina said to the high-born boy:

"Now it is all over, and everybody has had something done for him or for her."

"No," said the other, "I do not think so. Nothing has been done for you. You ought not to be left here alone with all these creatures. You may be used to them, but I think they 're horrible. You gave me some advice which was very good, and now I am going to give you some, which perhaps you may like. I think you ought to allow this wizard and this witch, who seem like very honest people, to stay here and carry on this business. Then you could leave this place, and go to school, and learn all the things that girls know who don't live in old magical castles. After a while, when you are grown up, and I am grown up, we could be married, and we could both rule over my principality. What do you think of that plan?"

"I think it would be very nice," said Filamina, "and I really believe I will do it."

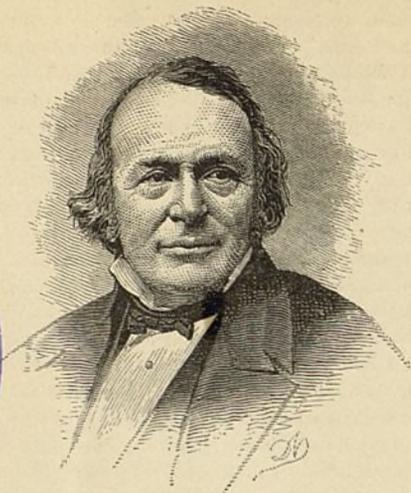
It was exactly what she did do. The next morning, her white horse was brought from the castle stables, and side by side, and amid the cheers and farewells of the giants, the dwarfs, the gnomes, the fairies, the afrits, the genii, the pigwidgeons, the witch, the wizard, the ghosts, the penitent hippogriff, and the faithful hobgoblin, Filamina and the high-born boy rode away to school.

THISTLE-DOWN.

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

A FAIRY bit of thistle-down
Lodged in the middle of a town.
A few years sped; in each bare space
A thistle had found growing place.
A million stubborn, bristling things
From one small seed with filmy wings!

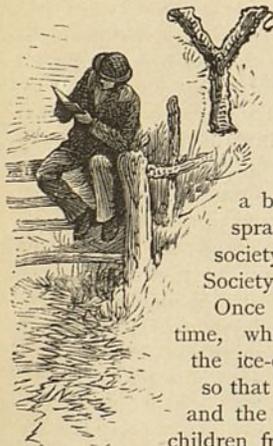
A maiden, idling with a friend,
Uttered a jest,—nor dreamed the end;
And when ill-rumors filled the air,
Wondered, all simply, who could bear
To give such pain? Nor dreamed her jest
Had been the text for all the rest.



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.



YOU must know that, across the ocean and over the Alps, the boys and girls of Switzerland have a bright idea. They have formed a society, and they have a badge. The badge is a spray of evergreen, and the society is a Natural History Society.

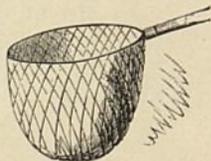
Once a year, in the spring time, when the sun has lifted the ice-curtain from the lakes, so that the fishes can look out, and the flowers can look in, the children from far and near come together for a meeting and a holiday. They are the boys and girls for a tramp. Their sturdy legs and long staves, their strong bodies and short dresses, their gay stockings and stout shoes prove that beyond a question.

The long, golden hair of the girls, tightly braided and firmly knotted with ribbons, keeps out of their eyes, and flashes brightly behind them as they go clambering over rocks, leaping across rivulets, scrambling along glaciers, and climbing steep hillsides in their search for specimens. When the village school-master, who usually leads these expeditions, blows his horn, back come the children like echoes, with baskets, and pockets, and boxes, and

bags full of the treasures of the woods. Then they eat their dinner just as we would take a picnic, and, after that, spread out their trophies and decide who has found the most and who the rarest. They get the school-master to name their treasures if he can, and if he can't, they laugh in mischievous triumph, and perhaps enjoy that quite as well.

The meeting ended, the children go home and arrange their mosses, and ferns, and flowers, and pebbles, and beetles, and butterflies in cabinets, and say to their mammas some odd-sounding words which mean in English that they have had a perfectly splendid time. Well, it *is* pretty fine, is n't it? The fresh air, you know, and the extra holiday, the sunshine and the picnic, the beetles and the girls, perhaps some fish in the brook, and a teacher to keep you straight and tell you Latin names for everything you find. No wonder they enjoy it. Would n't you enjoy it yourself?

Now, the point is just here: when you come to think of it, we have all those things in this country, if we could only get them together in the right proportions. We 've holidays enough: there are Saturdays. We 've school-masters as plenty as school-houses. This is the same sun that shines on Switzerland, as anybody can tell you, and it does not have to cross the sea to find golden hair to



kindle, either; so why can't we have a similar Natural History Society over here in America?

The fact is, we have a little one already, up here in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. It is small, but it is growing. There are branches of it in several towns up and down the county—a few in New York State, and one or two as far away as Pennsylvania. And we like it so much, and get so much fun out of it, that we wish it to grow larger. In short, we would like to have all you boys and girls join us.

Many of you will not need to be told why we call our society "The Agassiz Association," for there are few among the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have not read, or been told, something about the life of that famous man, so universally beloved and honored, Professor Louis Agassiz,—how, in 1846, already a great naturalist, he left his native Switzerland, and making America his home, became Professor at Harvard College, and built up the greatest school of Natural History in the country. Though one of the most learned of writers, there are parts of his books that would interest young people, and make them understand the delight their elders felt, who for many years thronged to hear his lectures on his favorite science. Though he was born in Switzerland, and of French parentage, our country proudly claims him as her greatest naturalist, for he adopted America as his home, and much of his best work was accomplished here. So our society is well named. Even if Louis Agassiz had not been born in Switzerland, where children's scientific societies began, what name could carry with it greater inspiration, or awaken keener enthusiasm for the study of nature?



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

ART. 2. It shall be the object of this Association to collect, study, and preserve natural objects and facts.

ART. 3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall perform the customary duties of such officers.

ART. 4. New Chapters may be added with the



Here is our Society's Constitution:

ARTICLE I. The name of this Society shall be

consent of the Association, provided that no such Chapter shall consist of less than six members.

Chapters shall be named from the towns in which they exist, and if there be more than one Chapter in a town, they shall be further distinguished by the letters of the alphabet.*

ART. 5. Each Chapter may choose its own officers and make its own by-laws.

ART. 6. This Constitution may be amended in any particular, by a three-fourths vote of the Association or its representatives.

Perhaps I cannot better show you how to begin, than by telling you how one of our most active chapters organized.

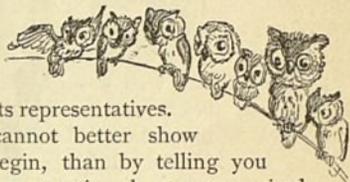
The President of the Smyrna (New York) Chapter has the floor: "One night a few scholars remained after school, and proceeded to form a

Chapter. After choosing a chairman and secretary, a committee was appointed to draft by-laws, and report at the next meeting. At the second meeting the report of this committee was adopted, permanent officers were elected, and the organization completed by signing the constitution and paying the initiation fee. One of our by-laws fixed this fee at ten cents, another stated the number of officers and the duration of office, and various others defined the duties of members, the order of exercises, and the times of meeting. After that, we met once in two weeks, went through a regular order of business, and adjourned in due form."

Now, if you look at Article 5 of the Constitution, you will see that each Chapter is to regulate all such matters as it pleases. For example, the fee of admission may be made higher, or lower, or omitted altogether. The more usual sum is twenty-five cents. Our Lenox Chapter meets every Friday, after school. We try to follow the first part of Article 2, by collecting as many specimens as we can find.

Each one, too, has a special subject to work up. One makes a collection of original drawings of snow crystals. Another prefers butterflies and moths. One bright-eyed maiden picks and presses flowers, and an herbarium is growing under her patient fingers.

We meet the requirements of the last part of



* As an illustration of the last clause of Article 4: If there should be four Chapters in Sheffield, they would be named "Agassiz Association—Sheffield A." "Sheffield B." "Sheffield C." "Sheffield D," etc.

Article 2 by keeping a record of whatever new or curious facts with regard to natural history we can find by our own observation, or learn from any reliable source. Then, too, we have special topics assigned us from time to time, which we have to study up. Not so easy, either, all of them. Suppose you try yourself a few of the more simple ones. Here they are:

1. How many legs have spiders and flies? 2. How many wings have flies and bees? 3. Is a beetle a bug; if not, what is the difference? 4. What is the difference between a bat and a bird? 5. Find the largest elm tree in town. 6. How can you tell the age of a tree? 7. Could animals live without plants, or plants without minerals? 8. How cold must it be before salt water will freeze? 9. How



hot must water be before it will boil? Try with a thermometer. 10. Do bats lay eggs? 11. Name five great naturalists, and give some account of each. 12. What is coal, and where is it found? 13. Tell the difference between a section of chestnut tree and a section of pine. 14. Differences between an oak and maple leaf. 15. Compare an elm leaf and a rose leaf. 16. What are the uses of leaves? 17. How do angleworms dig their holes? 18. How do snakes move? 19. Differences between butterflies and moths. 20. What do grasshoppers eat? 21. How do crickets sing? 22. How can you tell poison-ivy? 23. What do lizards eat? 24. Differences between the teeth of dogs and cattle; why should they differ? 25. Describe the egg of a crow and of a woodpecker. 26. Why is snow white but ice clear? 27. Does air weigh anything? Prove by experiment. 28. When sap is taken from trees, is it running up or down? What makes it run? 29. Describe a feather. 30. Describe a hair; differences between a human hair and a horse hair. 31. Are sponges animal or vegetable? 32. Compare and contrast tomato and potato vines. 33. If ice is frozen water, why does

it float on the water? and what would happen if it sank to the bottom as it froze?

34. Uses of bark, including tan-bark, cork, poplar, etc. 35. How are icicles formed? 36. What makes the sky blue? 37. How many angles in a spider's web? 38. Can animals count? 39. What are drones in a hive? 40. What are veins and veinlets in a leaf? 41. How do the margins of leaves differ? Show specimens. 42. How many sides and angles have snow-flakes? Are they always the same in number? 43. How does a cat purr?

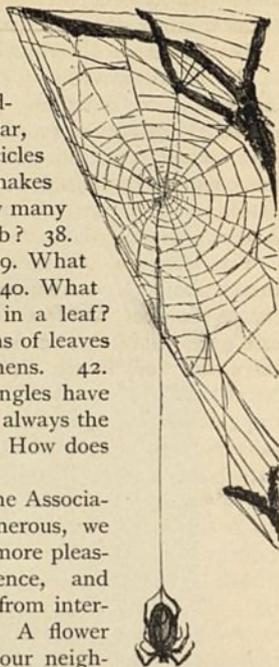
As the branches of the Association become more numerous, we shall derive more and more pleasure from correspondence, and more and more profit from interchange of specimens. A flower which is common in your neighborhood may be rare in this locality.

We have not time now to tell you more of our society; but, if you like the plan and wish to join us, you shall be told the rest. Why should there not be a ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association? This may be composed of several Chapters, started in as many different neighborhoods, but all composed of readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Let some of you start it. Who will be first?

If you wish to form a Chapter, let half a dozen of you get together and choose a chairman and secretary. Then send a letter to the writer of this article at Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts, that your names may be enrolled among the members of the ST. NICHOLAS branch. If you



can't get six to work together, get as many as you can. Never mind if you are the only one. You can join the Association at any rate. If you will do this, and are sufficiently interested in the subject, we will then tell you more in detail how to go to work; what to look for, and when and where to find it; how to make a cheap cabinet; how to press your flowers and ferns, pre-



* See Letter-Box of present number.

serve your insects, prepare your sections of wood so as to show the grain, and how to make and record your several observations.

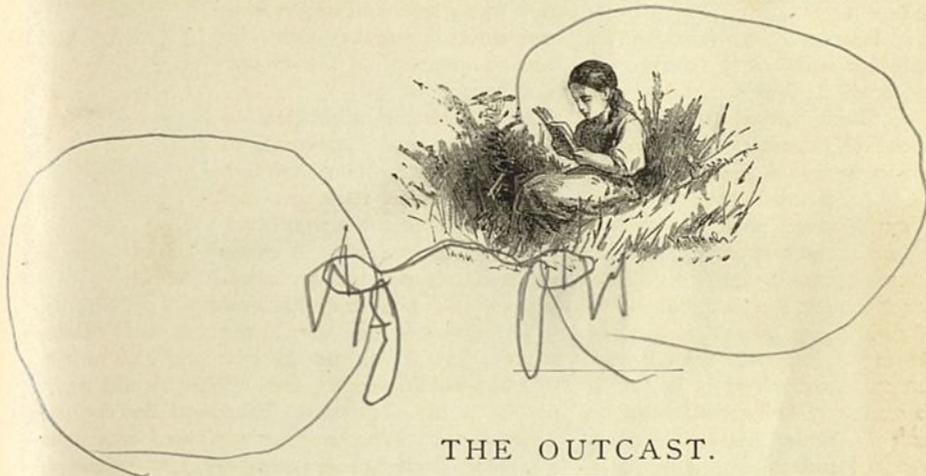
We will also, when we can, assist you to determine the names of any specimens which may puzzle you, or will at least refer you to good authorities on the subject in question, so that you may study it up for yourselves as far as you wish.

You may not find many wonderful things,—or things that you will recognize as wonderful. But ST. NICHOLAS is a great traveler. If the boys and girls in all the different places, gladdened by his visits, were to tell each other about the com-



mon things in each one's own neighborhood, there would be wonder enough for *one* year, I am sure.

Yet you may find something altogether new. Did n't little Maggie Edward find a new fish for her father? What? Never heard of Thomas Edward—the dear old shoe-maker who used to make “uppers” all day, and then lie all night in a hole in a sand-bank, with his head and gun out, watching for “beasts”? In that case, you would do well to read the book called “The Scotch Naturalist,” by Samuel Smiles.



THE OUTCAST.

By A. M.

JOSTLE him out from the warmth and light—
Only a vagrant feeble and gray;
Let him reel on through the stormy night—
What though his home be miles away?

With a muttered curse on wind and rain
He crept along through the miry lane.

Lonely the pathway, and dark and cold,
Shelter he sought 'neath a ruined wall;
Over his senses a numbness stole,
Round him sleep threw her mystic pall.

Then an angel came with pitying tears
And lifted the veil of by-gone years:

Gayly he sports by a rippling brook;
Soft is the breath of the summer air,
Flowers adorn each mossy nook,
Sunshine and happiness everywhere.

He is *Willie* now, just four years old,
With his rose-bud lips and curls of gold.

Hark to the roll of the war-like drum!
See the brave soldiers go marching by!
Home from the battle young *Will* has come,
Courage and joy in his sparkling eye.

And his pulses thrill with hope and pride,
For he soon will greet his promised bride.

Now in the fireside's flickering glow
Calmly he 's taking his evening rest;
Fondly he kisses his infant's brow,
Sleeping secure on its mother's breast
(And the dreamer stirred and faintly smiled):
He is *William* now with wife and child.

* * * * *

The curtain dropped—the morning broke—
Faint was the flush in the eastern sky;
Moaning and wretched the sleeper woke,
Brushing a tear from his bloodshot eye.

To his squalid home beyond the hill,
With a saddened heart, crept poor old *Bill*.

GLEANING.

BY PERCIVAL DE LUCE.



"GLEANING IN THE WHEAT-FIELDS NEAR PARIS."

HERE is a pretty harvest scene, which would be readily understood by European boys and girls, but which may need a little explanation for young Americans. "Gleaning in the wheat-fields near Paris." So these are little French peasant children. But do you know what gleaning is?

I cannot tell you how beautiful the great yellow wheat-fields look in France, with the bright scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers along their edges, and the tall grain waving and nodding in the wind. It seems too bad to cut it down, and lose the sight of so much beauty; but it must be done, and then the peasant women and children go into the fields to work with the men. They follow the reapers about, raking the wheat into piles, and tying it in bundles or sheaves; but there are always a good many stalks that fall out, and are left on the ground for the poor people to gather. That is what these little girls are doing,—“gleaning,” they call it,—and sometimes there will be a good many children scattered about the field, each trying hard to see who

can get the largest bunch,—for they are very poor, and the more wheat they can gather, the larger the loaf of bread the baker will give them for it.

The harvest season does not last long, and after it is over, many of these peasant children go into the woods with their elders to pick up sticks and twigs for fagots,—that is, small bundles of brushwood, that are used in France to light the fires with. Sometimes they have to go a long way to get a very few fagots, for the people are so poor, and fire-wood so scarce there, that every tiny twig is saved.

You may think gleaning is pleasant work, but how would you like it, if you had to go every day when it was clear, and sometimes in rainy weather, too, working all day long, and then, perhaps, get a whipping at night, because you did not bring home more wheat or fagots?

It is much easier and pleasanter, however, than some of the things that these poor children have to do; but I cannot tell about them now.

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T O M .

BY MARY JEWETT TELFORD.

THE road up Silver Hill was long, steep, and rugged, and Tom decided to take a rest in the miner's cabin at the foot before starting up. Without a rap he tried to lift the latch; but this resisted him. Now, to fasten a latch was an unheard-of liberty for any miner to take with a passer-by, and Tom indignantly marched around to the window.

The scene within nearly took away his breath!

He afterward told his younger brother, confidentially, that "that room took all the shine off the fixings in Killen's grocery window!" The furniture and upholstery were all of home manufacture; but Tom had never seen a tasteful home, had never seen anything much better than the rough, dirty cabins his family camped in occasionally, when they left the old covered wagon long enough for the father to try his luck here and there, wherever the gold-fever led him to imagine the new hole in the ground a profitable mine.

This was so different. Easy-chairs, carpets, pictures, vases of wild flowers, stands covered with books, and a lady, with her hair dressed like a queen's, setting white dishes—not tin either—on a snow-white table-cloth! While he gazed, a witch of a girl popped out of a corner, and opening the door, said, "Mrs. Griswold says do you want to come in, sir?"

It was a dazed boy who stalked in, returned the lady's salutation with a grunt, ignored the invitation to take off his hat, and stared about the room.

"Myra, set a chair for the young man. Are you living about Silver Hill?"

"Yes."

"You have not been here long?"

"Squatted yisterday."

"Ah! Where?" said Mrs. Griswold, who had been among the hills long enough to understand the rough dialect of the miners

"Up to Cotton-tail mine."

"Then we shall have some young people in the neighborhood. I am glad of that. Myra is the only young friend I have in the mountains. She and I study together a while every morning. Have you ever been at school?"

"No."

"Should n't you like to go?"

"Wall—yas"—doubtfully. "Dad 'lows to send me when he makes his pile."

The boy's eyes were taking in all the details of the simple room.

"Will you tell me your name?" said the lady.

VOL. VIII.—3.

"I 'm Tom—Tom Owens."

"Well, Tom, I am Mrs. Griswold, and glad to be acquainted with you."

Some folks might have said this so that Tom would fairly have hated them. Trust a boy reared as he had been to sift out every tone of insincerity. He did not question why she should be glad; he knew it was so, because she said so.

"Myra, you may gather up your books; Mr. Griswold will be down to dinner soon. We are miners, too, Tom. Do you mean to be a miner when you are grown?"

"Dad 'lows to make a President out o' me," he answered, soberly.

"A President needs to know a great many things," was Mrs. Griswold's quiet response.

Tom opened his eyes. He had a way of doing that which made one feel they were shut when he was uninterested. Myra had gone, and he had a feeling that it would n't be at all the thing to "hang 'round" while the family were at dinner; so he hurried out, followed by a pleasant "Good-day."

"I 'm a fool!" he said aloud to himself, as he sallied up the hill. "I always knowed I did n't know nothin'."

Some weeks later, Tom, with a clean face and radiant with happiness, sat by Mrs. Griswold, looking over a book of engravings. Mrs. Griswold had been giving him daily lessons for some time.

"You have never told me where your father came from," she was saying.

"Oh, mostly all over," laughed Tom. "When he was a boy, he lived in the big woods, in Maine."

"But he was n't brought up in Maine."

"No; they flitted to Pennsylvany, and Father run off and come to the 'Hio, and afterward to Alabam', and everywhere, I reckon. We come over the plains in a prairie schooner. It 's all the home we 've got," ended he, in a half-whisper.

"You 'll not live there always, Tom. How are lessons this week?"

"I 've squared up that little book, but it 's mighty slow business. These pictures are nice, ma'am, but I must light out and get the caows."

At last it had stopped snowing. "The oldest inhabitant"—but Silver Hill itself was hardly more than four years old—had never seen so many days of steady snow-fall.

"I can't find anything of the ca—the cows,

Father," Tom exclaimed, flourishing his empty milk "bucket" over Samantha's uncombed head. "I 'lowed—I mean I thought—they would have found their way back to the corral by this time."

Half an hour later, he was on his way to Cedar Scratch, stepping fearlessly over the deep drifts with his long Norwegian snow-shoes, in rabbit-fur cap and muffler, and gray wolf-skin leggins and mittens, sliding down Silver Hill faster than skates could carry him on the finest ice. Mrs. Griswold looked out of the window as his shrill whistle waked the echoes about the cottage, and he had the satisfaction of making her his best bow.

Cedar Scratch was only six miles off, the most sheltered spot about, and the cattle might have taken refuge there in the storm. A huddle of miners' cabins was built in the niches of the Scratch. One of the Cornishmen there had a wife, and a veritable baby, which, outside the Owens's household, was the only baby in the district.

Tom's face beamed as he bent forward to his uphill work. There was a perfect understanding between him and those snow-shoes, which, like sleigh-runners twelve feet long, carried him safely over pathless ravines, now drifted full. The way wound up a long gulch, where daylight came only in a belt from above, past the snow-laden evergreens that cling to its sides. A smaller gulch led into this, toward its head, and Tom stopped and gazed with delight at the bridge which spanned it,—a glorious rainbow, its golden foot set into either bank. The morning mist was just lifting, up the gulch.

"Mrs. Griswold ought to see that!" Tom exclaimed, as he started on. A long hill lay in the way, where he had to pick his footing among jagged rocks on end and stubs of burnt trees jutting through the snow.

Right on, he climbed. Some other boy might have held an indignation meeting against the cows for running off, and against his father for sending him all this lonely way after them. Being only Tom, he did n't grumble a word. Once, the toe of his snow-shoe became tangled in some hidden snags, and he was tossed into a drift; but he picked himself out, with a laugh, and panted on.

Then, suddenly, a low rumble broke on the still, clear air, quickly growing deeper, fuller, terrible in its depth and fullness. Was a thunder-peal tearing apart the sunny winter sky? Was it an earthquake? Tom was no coward, but his heart stood still as he reached the top of the hill and saw a dust of fine snow sailing in clouds away from the tented nook of Cedar Scratch.

A snow slide!* Layer had gathered on layer among the overhanging cliffs, until, at length, the whole mass, a mountain of snow, came down with

a crash, sounding far through the stillness. Tom stood transfixed, chilled with terror. Then the air became clear again. Everything seemed as before. Everything but that little home in the nook, where, ten minutes before, light streamed in on busy Mother and crowing baby Rudolph.

He must hasten to them! Alas! what could he do? His thoughts came fast. The men were probably at work in the mine above, and he turned to take the path that led to it.

What! No path?

He was certain it was just here, around this knob-like rock. Had they then all perished together? Help *must* come.

With new strength and courage, Tom started homeward. He had run snow-shoe races with all the young men of Silver Hill, and his fleetness and skill served well now on the down journey. Baby Rudolph's image floated before him, and he dashed a film away from his eyes as he thought, "What if it had been our Samantha?"

The men said, after it was all over, that Tom must have been in league with the Fates ever to have reached the bottom of that hill alive. Perhaps a better power than the Fates held his feet from falling. It was such a long, steady-steep slope, that there was no holding up after once starting, and all his energies were given to "steering" with the slender pole he carried. Rocks seemed to rise straight from the ground before him, which his long shoes must not touch. On he dashed, all eye, all nerve, all muscle. Some invisible power was hurling rock and tree past him. The world was one whirl. With a long breath of relief, the bottom of the hill was reached and the easy grade down the gulch begun. He was very calm now,—calmed by his own danger; and he saw all the beauties of the uphill trip, but through such different eyes. He wondered that he could ever have been the careless boy who heard the prelude of his song up the gulch before him.

"Tom Owens! Sakes alive! Is the boy crazy?"

Myra's gay-hooded face was in the path.

"Oh, Myra, run back home just as fast as you can, and tell your father and the men that the Cornish are all buried in a snow-slide. It was just now. I heard it; I 'most saw it; and there's no one to help them. Run; do!"

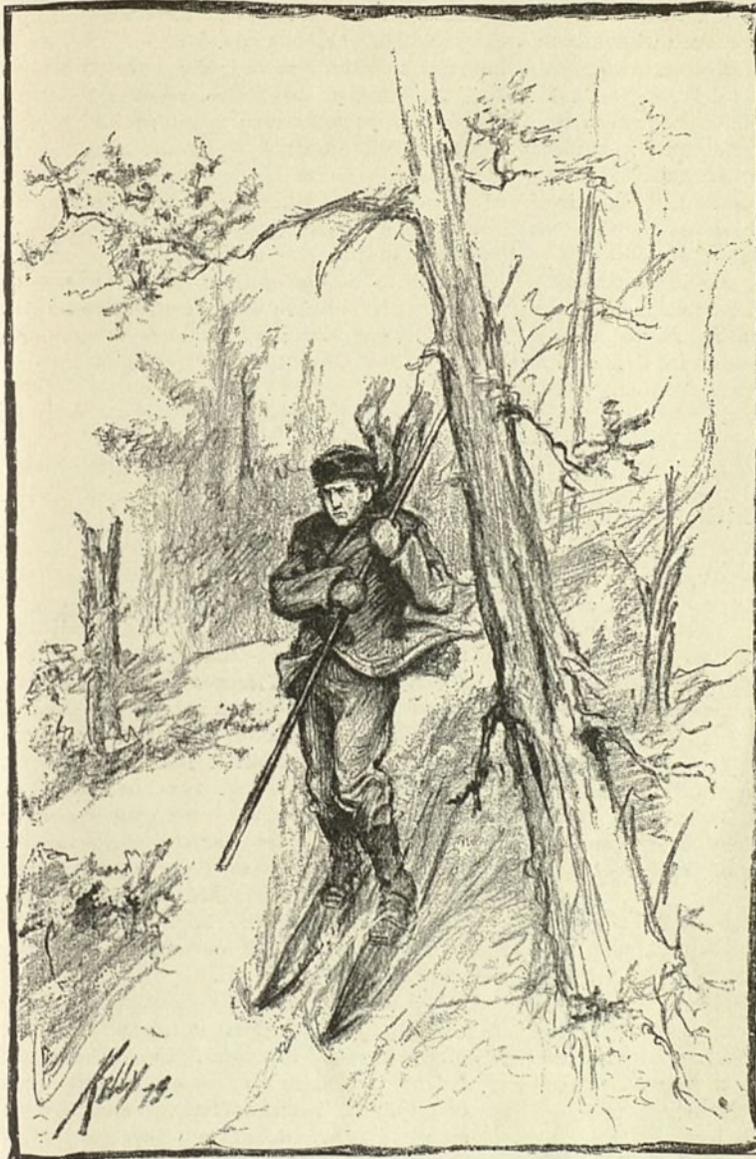
In a few minutes, a band of sturdy men on snow-shoes were organized, under the leadership of Mr. Griswold, and started on Tom's trail. Hands more willing never grasped a shovel, warmer hearts never beat. Hour after hour passed in steady work before they found the earth-roofs, crushed in and every crevice filled with the cruel snow. While all the others had gone upon a long hunt, one half-sick man and the woman and child had exchanged this

* This fatal avalanche occurred near Geneva Gulch, Colorado, in 1877.

life for the one to come, without one moment of suspense, one note of preparation.

"We'll bury them here," said Mr. Griswold,

Whatever his father had learned in his younger days, or had picked up since, was now furnished for his boy's advantage.



"THERE WAS NO HOLDING UP AFTER ONCE STARTING."

standing on a spot of cleared earth near the cabin-door; and tears coursed down grimy faces as he said over the broad mound a simple prayer.

The weeks rolled on, leaving Tom something by which to remember them. There was no loafing about the stove at Killen's, no listening to the somewhat doubtful stories of the group at Cole's

mortal would n't, in her place? She believes in Tom. You may not know that Mr. Owens's evenings are all spent at home now, 'helping Tom,' as he calls it. A year ago he was one of Killen's likeliest customers. Yes, little wife, you builded better than you knew when you waked up that stupid-looking boy."

And so, on one of Colorado's crisp summer

"It's wonderful how that boy does take to larnin'," he said to his wife; and for once she forgot to forebode evil, and agreed that she should n't be surprised to wake up some morning and find him a preacher, like her brother Bill, fifteen years before in "Injeanny." But Tom did n't expect anything wonderful. He studied because it seemed so good to study. It was as though those first thirteen years of his life had been passed in a dark cave. There had been bats and cobwebs, and a mole or two. Now he had come into the sunlight of a marvelous world. When Mrs. Griswold, in her frequent readings with him, took him among the netted sunbeams of Tennyson's bubbling, babbling "Brook," or seated him by the open fire of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" home, she began to realize something of the lad's capabilities. She said to her husband one day:

"I wish Tom could be left with us when the Owens make their next move. It is shameful for that boy's life to be frittered away."

"I think Tom's place is with his family," Mr. Griswold answered. "What would become of those younger children with a father growing more eccentric, perhaps dissipated, and a mother who would soon outcroak the frogs—as what

mornings, Tom came slowly up to the cabin, to bid Mrs. Griswold good-bye.

But within a few minutes they had arranged particulars for a correspondence, which Mrs. Griswold suggested, to Tom's delight.

"What should I ever have been without you, Mrs. Griswold?" he said, in his earnest way.

"An honest, straight-forward lad, who set his burdens off on no other shoulders," she answered.

"I should have known about as much as Father's near mule. I don't know anything now," he added, quickly, "but oh, how I want to!" A pair of great blue eyes saw untold visions beyond the rough hills on which they rested.

"I had a long talk with your father yesterday about your future. He thinks he will stop near a school, next time. He is both fond and proud of you, Tom, and it wont hurt you a bit to know it."

"I hope, ma'am, I'll deserve it. There they come. I must help past the forks of the road. Good-bye!" He took her hand reverently, then bounded out toward the approaching cavalcade.

Half a dozen bewildered cows led off, their calves frisking beside them. Tom's bare-headed brothers kept them as near the fenceless track as possible. Mr. Owens drove, walking beside the wagon, whose cover was partly thrown back, revealing household goods and Samantha loaded promiscuously. A crate of hens cackled at the end of the wagon, and Mrs. Owens brought up the rear in checked apron and green sun-bonnet. Nodding good-bye to the lady in the cottage-door, she remarked to the quiet man who managed the mules, "I'm mighty sorry for Mis' Griswold—she'll miss our Tom so. She thought a power of our Tom, Mis' Griswold did!"

KITTY'S SHOPPING.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.



WHEN Kitty was only four years old, she used to go shopping for her mother.

The grocery was at the corner, not far away, and Kitty's mother would stand in the door-way,

and watch her little girl until she reached the store. The grocery-man liked to have Kitty come, but he was a great tease. If Kitty asked for sugar, he would try to persuade her she wanted starch; and, if she wanted starch, he would insist it must be soap. But little Kitty would shake her head and stand by the "sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar," which she had been saying to herself ever since she left home, or to the "starch, starch, starch," until, finally, Mr. Jones would give her what she wanted. Then he would stand in his door-way and look after her; for he really liked the little girl.

One morning her mother said, "Now, Kitty, I want you to go to Mr. Jones's and tell him to give you a nice little spring chicken, dressed."

So Kitty tied on her new bonnet and started off, saying to herself, "Sp'ing chicky d'essed, sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"What does my little girl want this morning?" said Mr. Jones, as she came in.

"My mamma say she want sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"Oh, a spring chicken dressed. Well, now, Kitty, is n't this a fine one?"

Here Mr. Jones winked at some big people in the grocery. You have seen big people wink when talking to little children, just as Mr. Jones did, and have thought it very queer manners.

However, little Kitty did n't see Mr. Jones wink; and, when he took down a great turkey and showed her, she only said: "No, no; my mamma want a sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"Now, Kitty, don't you call this a spring chicken? What a fine fellow he is!"

"Oh, but he 's und'essed. My mamma want a sp'ing chicky d'essed."

Then Mr. Jones laughed, and all the other people laughed.

"All right, Kitty, I 'll dress him. See!"

Then Mr. Jones took brown paper, and pinned the turkey up so that only his legs and long neck stuck out.

"Now, have n't I dressed him nicely?"



Kitty looked at the turkey doubtfully; but, remembering that sometimes big people know best, she agreed that he was dressed very nicely. Mr. Jones then put the turkey in her arms, and brought her hands together around him, the tips of her fingers scarcely meeting, while the neck was clinched under her chin. It was all Kitty could do to carry it; but she was a plucky little girl, and started bravely up the street.

Of course, the first thing the brown paper did was to tear; then the turkey kept slipping down, down; and the tighter Kitty tried to hold it with her tired little arms, the more it slipped. Finally, it rolled to the pavement and shed all its brown paper.

Kitty looked for a moment, and then tried to lift it; but it was too heavy. Suddenly, a bright thought came into her head. She took up the



turkey's legs, and started again, pulling it after her on the pavement.

Kitty was delighted with her success, for only think, when she became tired of pulling, she sat down on the turkey and rested! And, in this way, she got him home; but poor turkey! he was almost worn-out!

"Mamma," cried Kitty, panting, as she gave the turkey a final pull through the door-way, "there 's your sp'ing chicky, but I lost his d'ess." Funny Mamma! She sank down on a chair,—



yes, "sank" is the word,—put her hands up to her face, and shook until the tears rolled down her cheeks. Was she really crying, or laughing, or what? Kitty did n't know.

BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT.

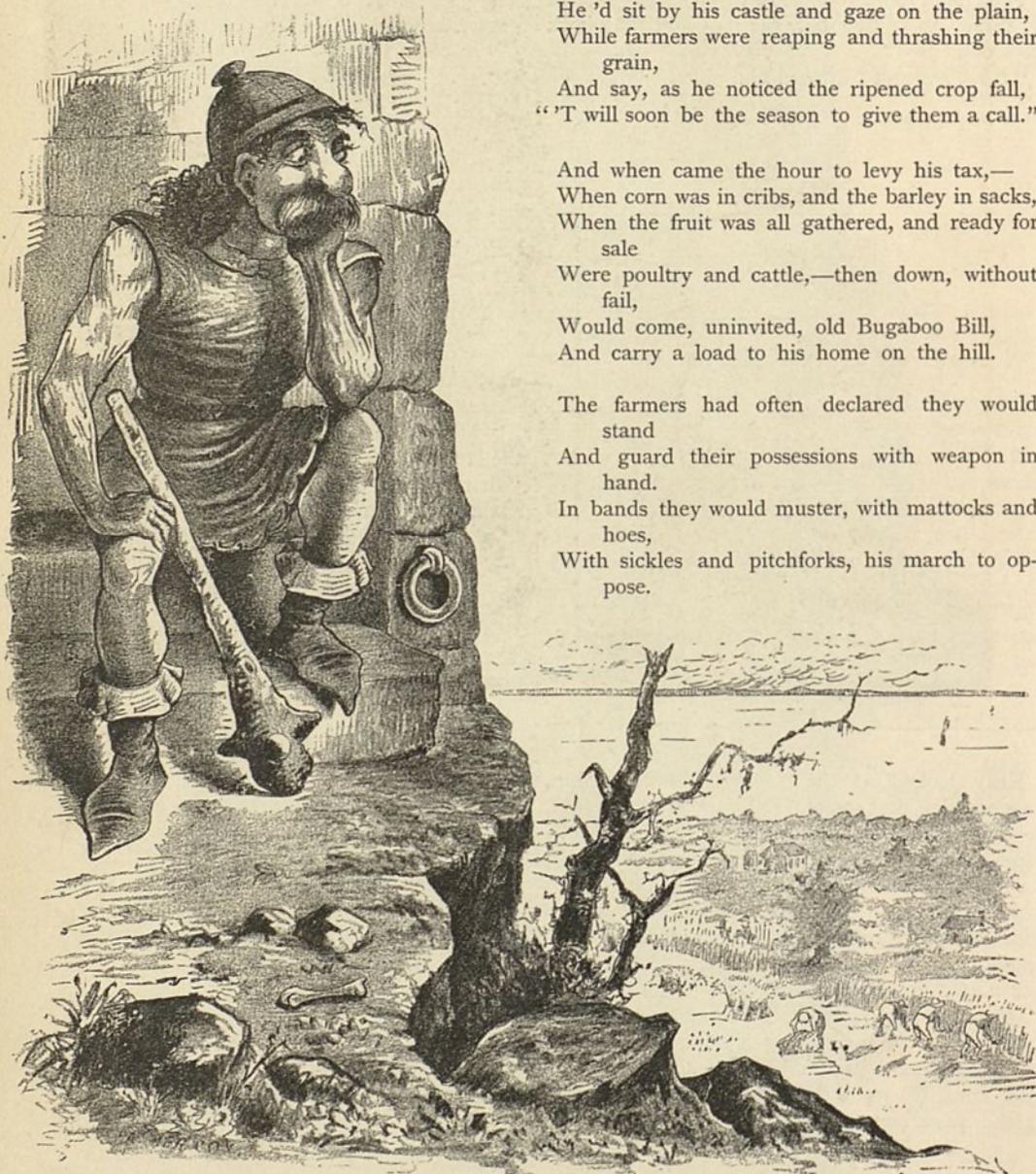
BY PALMER COX.

THERE was an old giant named Bugaboo Bill
 Resided in England, on top of a hill.
 A daring marauder, as strong as a moose,
 Who lived on the best that the land could produce.

He'd sit by his castle and gaze on the plain,
 While farmers were reaping and thrashing their
 grain,
 And say, as he noticed the ripened crop fall,
 "T will soon be the season to give them a call."

And when came the hour to levy his tax,—
 When corn was in cribs, and the barley in sacks,
 When the fruit was all gathered, and ready for
 sale
 Were poultry and cattle,—then down, without
 fail,
 Would come, uninvited, old Bugaboo Bill,
 And carry a load to his home on the hill.

The farmers had often declared they would
 stand
 And guard their possessions with weapon in
 hand.
 In bands they would muster, with mattocks and
 hoes,
 With sickles and pitchforks, his march to op-
 pose.

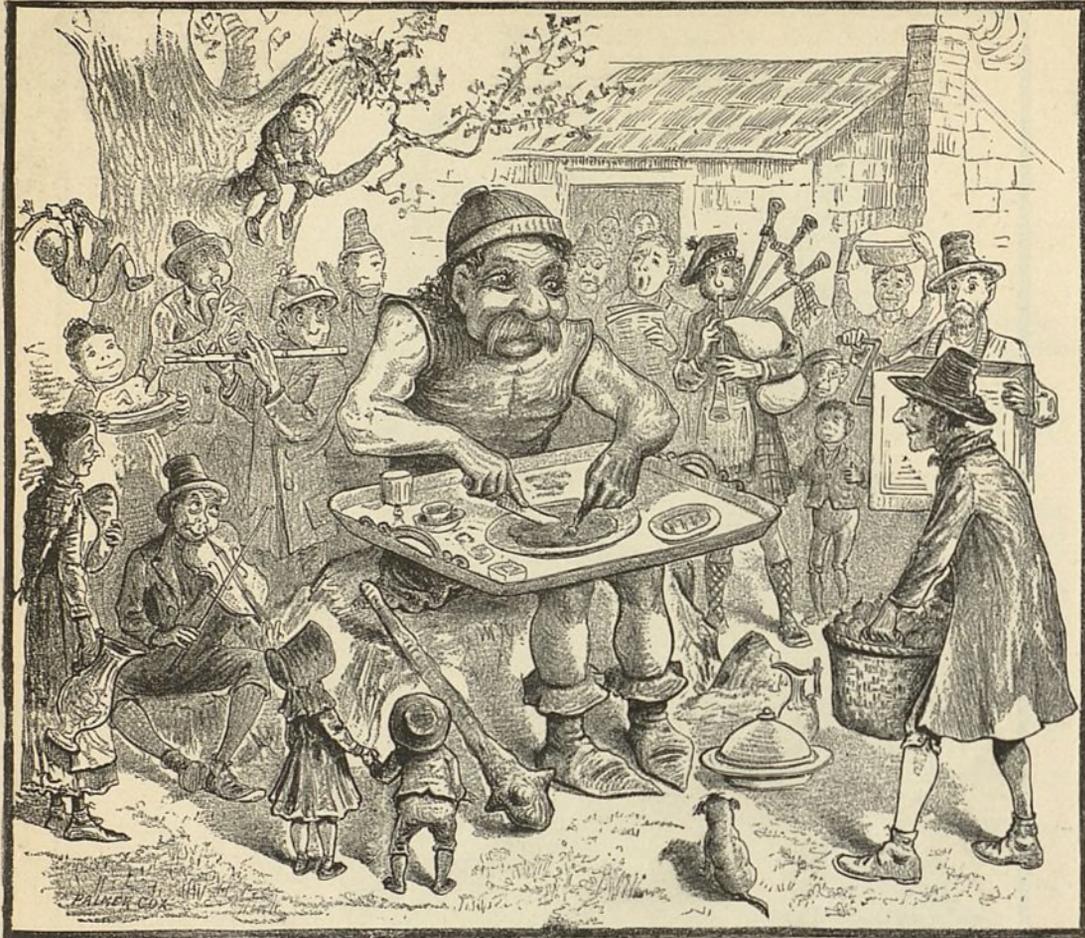




But when the great giant came down in his might,
 A club in his hand neither limber nor light,
 They 'd fling away weapons and scatter like deer,
 To hide behind walls, or in woods disappear,
 And leave him to carry off barley and rye,
 Or pick out the fattest old pig in the sty.

Thus things went on yearly, whate'er they might do,
 From bad to far worse, as still bolder he grew ;
 For none could be found who had courage or skill
 Sufficient to cope with the rogue on the hill.

At length one remarked, who had studied his race :
 "No giant so strong but he has a weak place—
 He 'll have *some* short-coming though ever so tall.
 You 've tried many plans, but have failed in them all—
 His club is too large and your courage too small.



“ Now try a new method—invite him to dine :
 Bring forth tempting dishes and flagons of wine,
 And let skilled musicians perform soothing airs
 To smooth down his temper and banish his cares ;
 And when he grows drowsy, as surely he will,
 We 'll easily manage this Bugaboo Bill.”

The plan was adopted ; when next he came down
 To take his supplies from the best in the town,
 They brought him fat bacon, roast turkey and quail,
 With flagons of sherry and beakers of ale ;
 Good beef in abundance, and fruit that was sweet ;
 In short, every dish that could tempt him to eat.

Well pleased was the giant to see them so kind,
 So frank and forbearing, to pardon inclined ;
 He helped himself freely to all that was nice—
 To poultry, to pastry, and puddings of rice,
 To wines that were potent to steal unawares
 From limbs that were large all the strength that was there,

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

While 'round him musicians were ranged in a ring,
Some turning a crank, and some scraping a string.

A poet read sonnets composed for the day,
A singer sang ballads, heroic and gay,
Until all the air was replete with a sound
That softened the feelings and enmity drowned.

The task was not easy: for half a day long
They treated the giant to music and song;
The piper played all the sweet airs that he knew,
The fiddler seemed sawing his fiddle in two;
The organist worked as though turning a mill,
But still wide awake remained Bugaboo Bill.

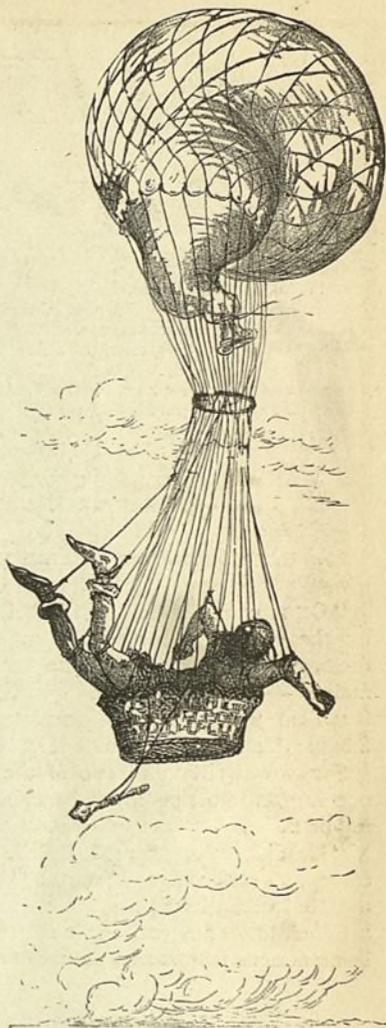
At last he grew drowsy, confused was his mind
With feasting and drinking and music combined.
And when he had sunk in a stupid repose,
A monster balloon was brought out by his foes.

Said one, as the ropes to the giant they tied:
"We gave him a feast, now we'll give him a ride;
For though by good rights the old robber should die,
His life we'll not injure, but off let him fly;

"The wind's blowing south by sou'-east, as you see,
So over the channel soon wafted he'll be;
He'll make a quick passage, and, if I guess right,
Will take his first lesson in French before night."

Then up he was hoisted by winds that were strong,
By gas that was buoyant, and ropes that were long;
And south by sou'-east, like a sea-bird he flew,
Across the broad channel, and passed from their view.

But whether he landed in France or in Spain,
In Turkey or Russia, or dropped in the main,
They never discovered, and little they cared
In what place he alighted, or just how he fared.
But though his old castle long stood on the hill,
They had no more visits from Bugaboo Bill.



MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.

BY * * * .

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Mr. Robert Baird.
Mrs. Juliet Baird.
Fred Baird, aged fifteen years.
Alexander (called Sandy) Baird, aged thirteen years.
Isabelle Baird, aged seventeen years.
Kitty Baird, aged twelve, cousin of Robert, and of his children.
Special friend of Sandy.
Donald Stuart, aged seventeen, friend of Fred.
Elizabeth Patterson, aged fifty-one, the family friend.

THE BAND OF LOYAL BROTHERS.
The Chief.
Don Quixote.
Robin Hood.
Robinson Crusoe.
Captain Kidd.
Lord Leicester.
Napoleon Bonaparte.
Pocahontas.
Rob Roy.

THE CAPTURED INVADERS.
A Quakeress.
Blue-beard.
King Arthur.
Duke of Wellington.
Mary, Queen of Scots.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

SCENE: First at Cedar Run, a pleasant village; then at Greystone, an old mansion on a large river.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING THE BAIRD FAMILY.

"ONCE upon a time," said Isabelle Baird, sitting by the window mending the ruffles of a white dress, "there was a man who became rich and famous —"

"That was pleasant," ejaculated her brother Sandy; "and how did he do it?"

Sandy was sitting in one of the low windows, opening on to the porch, and was busy with a fishing-line.

"He did nothing," replied Belle; "but he became, as I said, rich and famous."

"Had money left to him, I suppose?" Sandy said. "I don't know any easier way of getting rich; the being famous follows as a matter of course."

"He had n't any money left to him," Belle said; "he came to good fortune by a new way."

"And what was that?"

"This question," and Belle elevated her voice, "was often asked by his fellow-citizens, especially after he was made mayor, and moved into his new house. So one day in July, at seventeen minutes past five," looking at the clock, "a deputation waited upon his mother to ask how it happened. He had done nothing, and he was a mayor and rich; they also had done nothing, but they were not mayors, and they were poor."

"Excellently put," said Sandy; "and what did his mother say?"

"She said she did n't know."

"Then they waited for her to tell them all about it?"

"They did," replied Belle, nodding her head; "and she said that when he was a boy and mended his fishing-lines, he never left bits of twine on the dining-room carpet for his sister to pick up."

"Good child," said Sandy, without a blush. "Is that the road to riches?"

The third inmate of the room was Fred, who was older than Sandy but younger than Belle, and who apparently was absorbed in "Ivanhoe," but who said, in the same stilted tone in which Belle was speaking:

"His mother then explained that he was a remarkable baby, and they answered, so were they. Each one had heard his mother say so."

"Driven to confession at last," resumed Belle, "Mother Benedicto, for that was her name, revealed the secret. A fairy had blessed him in his infancy. She had taken from him the power of saying 'I wish' and 'if.' When he would have sighed 'I wish,' he roared, 'I will'; and when he meant 'If I could,' he said, 'Certainly, at once.' These brave expressions made every one think him a person of great determination, and after a time they believed he did everything he talked of doing. So he became a leader. He did n't like to lead, but he could n't help it. When he was asked, he said, 'Certainly, at once,' and so had to keep his word. Leaders can become rich. That is the story."

"False pretenses," said Sandy. "Now, I am poor, but I am honest. You don't catch me saying one thing and meaning another."

"True for you, my son," said Fred; "you call spades, spades."

"I try to," said Sandy, trying to look modest; "but it is easy to see what Belle means. Papa says we must go to the sea-shore. I say, 'I wish' we could do something different. I suppose Belle thinks I ought to say 'I will' do something different."

"No, I don't," Belle replied; "there would be no use in your saying only that, but you wish and wish. Why don't you think of something different, and propose it? That's what I mean."

Sandy whistled. Then he jumped up and said to Fred, whose feet were across the door-way, "Let me by you, Fred."

"That depends on what you pay for me," said Fred.

Sandy looked at his brother, stepped over his legs, and remarked that he did n't think much of jokes that depended on bad spelling.

"Spelling?" said Fred. "I spelled nothing."

"If you did n't, how could you make *buy* out of *by*?"

"How could I tell which you meant?" Fred replied. "Your English, Alexander, needs attention."

"I am glad you mentioned that," said Sandy, "for it reminds me of something I meant to do," and he at once left the room.

"If any one were to buy you, Fred, ——" began Belle, but her father, who entered at that moment, exclaimed:

"Buy Fred! And why?"

"For the sake of my English," said Fred.

"You mistake," said his father; "it is in regard to the English of others that you are strong, but in your own, you are—shaky."

"If Fred's criticisms were like boomerangs and came back to him," said Belle, relentlessly, "he would n't say the weather was 'elegant' and the sea-shore 'nice.'"

"That is the very thing," Fred answered, hotly. "We don't notice these things at home, but when old Bagsby says, 'Don't mix your plural verbs and singular nouns, Baird,' and then remarks to that snob Cadwallader, 'A boy's home education is detected in his conversation,' I tell you one feels cheap."

"We must look to this, children," and Mr. Baird sat down. "It wont—will not, I mean—do to allow Fred to feel that his home influences are against his education."

"Education!" repeated Sandy, coming in, carrying a soap-box, a hammer, and some nails; "I am just going to attend to mine," and he took out of the closet his school-books, his slate, and a box of drawing materials, and packed them all neatly in the box. He then nailed the lid on, sharpened down a match, and, dipping that in ink, inscribed on the box this legend:

"SACRED TO THE
MEMORY
OF
MY SCHOOL DAYS.
ALEXANDER BAIRD.
REQUIESCAT IN FACE!"

"There, now!" he exclaimed, his head on one side, as he looked complacently at his work; "that is done! Now, until school opens, I am a wild

Indian!" and with a whoop he dashed on the lawn, followed in hot haste by his little dog Dan.

"I don't know anything that would be so perfectly charming as being a wild Indian! How I would like to get up in the morning and have no plans, and go to bed and never think of duties, and all that," and here Belle gently sighed, and looked at her ruffles.

"Life *is* hard on you," said her father, "what with croquet and white dresses ——"

"And back-hair," suggested Fred.

"Is it Belle's hair again?" asked Mrs. Baird, who had just come in.

"It is always my hair," replied Belle; "every day it is my hair. It is the bane of my existence!"

"It is not the blessing of mine," replied her mother. "One day it is curls, the next, plaits. Last week it hung down your back, and this week it is piled on top of your head."

"This week!" exclaimed Belle. "Mamma, the puffs you made yesterday were as rough as our old horse-hair sofa before I got home! Now, if I were a wild Indian, I would never wear puffs."

"The worst of it is," her father remarked, "that this struggle will last you all your life. You will never be free from the responsibility of your hair. If you lose it, you will have to buy more."

"I will go to the woods," cried Belle—"I will!"

"And I would go along," said Fred, putting his book down on the floor by his side. "I don't mind duties and back-hair, but I would like to camp out. Phil Henderson went to Maine last summer with his uncle, and they had splendid times. They shot deer and fished, and the Indians stole nothing but sugar. It was perfectly splendid!"

"A boy's home education ——" began Mr. Baird.

"Of course I did n't mean that it was splendid because the Indians stole so little, but—oh, you know what I mean!"

"I would n't mind the Indians," said Belle, "if we only could camp out. Why can't we, Papa?"

"I cannot afford it."

"Not afford it? Why, it is the cheapest thing in the world!" cried Fred. "All we would want would be a tent and frying-pan."

His father looked at him with serene gravity.

"Very well," he said; "suppose we count it up."

Fred, with great alacrity, at once produced from his pocket his pencil and an old letter.

"In the first place, we need tents. How many?"

"Two," said Belle; "one big one for Papa and you boys, and one for Mamma and me. Will Patty go along?"

"No one but Patty can answer that question," her mother replied; "but for the sake of fish and venison cooking, I hope she will."

"Three tents, Fred," said Mr. Baird; "but I have n't the slightest idea how much they cost."

"Phil gave five dollars for his, but it is too little. Suppose I say ten dollars apiece?"

So Fred put down:

Tents.....\$30.00

"We will want rubber blankets and boots."

"For what?" asked Sandy, re-appearing.

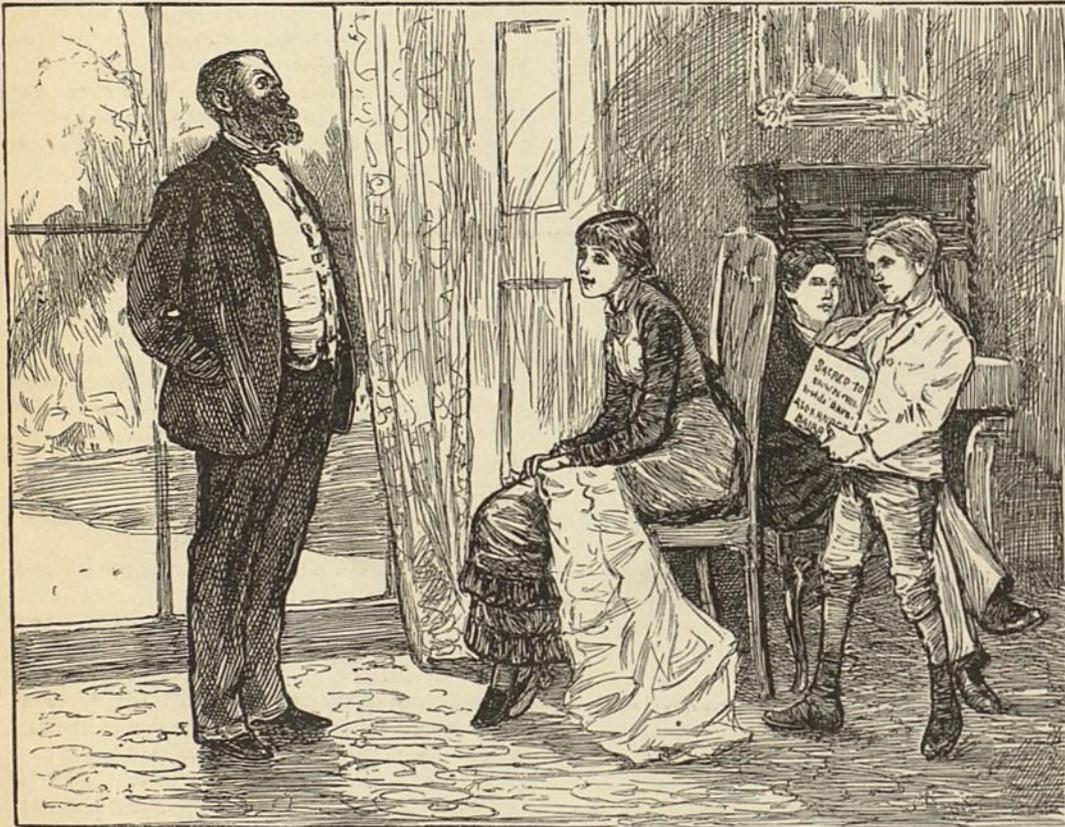
"Nonsense!" said Sandy. "Papa, what is it all about?"

"We are making an estimate so as to see if we can afford to camp out."

"Of course we can," said Sandy, decidedly. "We could camp out all summer for what a month at the sea-shore would cost."

"We wont need any new clothes," said Belle.

"And that will save ever so much. And there's



SANDY BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS SCHOOL-BOOKS.

"For our camp," Belle said, in the most matter-of-fact tones.

"Are we going to camp out?" cried Sandy, looking at his father. "When? Who is going?"

"Listen," said Belle, picking up Fred's book, dropping her work, and beginning, apparently, to read: "The Baird family, consisting of Robert Baird, his wife, Juliet, and his three children, Isabelle, Frederick, and Alexander, respectively aged seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen, accompanied by their faithful adherent, Elizabeth Patterson, called Patty for short, sailed one pleasant morning in the good ship 'I expect to,' under command of Captain Benedicto, for the port —"

the food! We wont buy meat, for we will shoot deer and catch fish," said Fred.

"Certainly," replied his father; "but we must have blankets, a stove, and cooking utensils, and I suppose you would submit to some canned goods in case of a scarcity of venison and trout."

"A very few," said Fred; "the women folks might like them."

"And the guides," said Sandy.

"One will be enough," said Mr. Baird. "How much shall we set down for him?"

"Two dollars a day," promptly replied Fred. "That 's what Phil paid."

"Put down twenty-eight dollars for a guide. We can stay but two weeks, anyway."

So Fred added that item.

"The fare comes next."

"Where shall we go?" asked Sandy.

"To Maine," said Fred.

"Say fifteen for each. That wont include transportation from the station to the wood; and put down a contingency fund to cover traveling expenses, rubber blankets, stove, canned goods, and other items not calculated in."

Fred bit the end of his pencil, gazed on his estimate, and then very slowly said, "I think we had better—walk!"

Sandy looked over his shoulder. The calculation stood thus:

Tents.....	\$ 30.00
Sundries.....	125.00
Guide.....	28.00
Fares.....	90.00
	\$273.00

"That 's a stunner!" said Sandy.

"Yes," said Fred. "And it seems more because it is the total for all the family. Generally each person bears his own expenses. Then it would n't be heavy."

"Unfortunately," replied his father, "it is not so divided. One person in this case bears the whole expense. I make this remark modestly, but with feeling."

"Shave it down, Fred," said Sandy, cheerfully; "bring it within limits."

"You had better go back to your original wild-Indian idea," said Mrs. Baird. "The more civilization you insist upon, the greater your expenses."

"True!" cried Fred. "Let 's strike off the canned things."

"And the guide," said Belle.

"We cannot go to the Maine woods without a guide," her father replied.

"Don't go to Maine," said Sandy. "There are lots of good places nearer."

"I don't know," said Fred, reflectively. "Phil has so much fun there. Let us count again. The tents we must keep. Even an Indian has his wigwam."

"Tents.....\$30.00"

"No, no," cried Belle, jumping up. "I have it! I have it!"

CHAPTER II.

BELLE SETTLES THE QUESTION.

"WHERE?" exclaimed the family, in chorus.

"Not the tent," answered Belle, "but the idea, the place, the house, the wigwam!"

"We will go to Greystone!"

No one spoke. This was an inspiration.

"The very place!" said Sandy. "A house, a river, woods, solitude!"

"Gunning and fishing," added Belle.

"But it is not furnished," said Mrs. Baird, "and we will stay so short a time that it would not be worth while to move anything. And it must be a very dirty house."

"It is not a house, Mamma," explained Belle, growing warm as the idea took shape in her mind. "You must regard it as a wigwam. Then you will see how easy the furnishing will be."

"Greystone has one advantage," said Fred, who still clung to Maine and his pencil and paper,— "it only costs twenty-five cents to get there. That makes a great difference."

"And no guide need apply," added Sandy.

"No rubber blankets," said Belle.

"You will have neighbors," said Mrs. Baird; "still I do not believe they will trouble you, unless from curiosity."

"We can be lonely enough, if that is any object," said her husband.

"Yet I don't know," resumed Mrs. Baird, doubtfully; "we must have chairs and tables and beds."

"Not in a wigwam," persisted Belle; "we can have hay beds."

"Belle is right," her father said. "If we decide to camp out, and select Greystone as the place, we must not think at all of it as a house."

"Certainly," said Fred. "Now let me tell you. There are floors and a roof——"

"I am not so sure of that," said his father; "but we will suppose so for the sake of argument."

Fred resumed:

"We suppose, then, that we are going to a tent. We will need beds. Good. We can get hay of a farmer. We can also get milk of him."

"And eggs and butter," added Belle.

"We will need blankets, dishes, and a coffee-pot. We will take these along."

"Fred," cried Sandy, "I am proud of you!"

Mrs. Baird looked at her husband. He smiled, and Belle, all in a rapture, jumped up and hugged him around the neck. At that moment, Patty entered. She had the newly ironed collars in a flat glass dish, for, as she never used the right thing if any other was handy, she of course ignored the collar-basket.

"What is all this about?" she asked, standing still.

Belle stood up, resting her hands on her father's shoulders.

"Patty," she said, "we are going to camp out. Don't you want to go along?"

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Greystone," replied Sandy.

"To Greystone?" she repeated. "Your uncle wont let you!"

And then she went upstairs with the collars.

The family looked one at the other. The chances were that he would not.

He might be glad to hear of the scheme, for it pleased him to know of any wild scheme in which his nephew's family was interested. He always said they would go to ruin; and, although he was a clergyman, he still liked to be a true prophet. Perhaps he hoped they would some day take his advice and live like other people, but as yet he certainly thought they managed affairs loosely. His little daughter, Kitty, did not agree with him. She thought her cousin Robert's family charming, and all their ways delightful.

"He wont let Kitty go," said Sandy.

Belle mournfully shook her head.

"Don't give up so readily, my dear," said Mrs. Baird, in her usual cheery tones. "You have not asked him yet."

"Yes," said Belle, "there 's another trouble. Who will ask him?"

It was Sandy who flung himself into the breach. He was very careful to say he did not prefer to do so, but he was quite sure neither Belle nor Fred could have any influence over their uncle; it must not be done by either his father or mother, for fear they would be too readily rebuffed.

As no one else coveted the task, they yielded at once to Sandy's good reasons, but advising him not to tell Kitty about the plan, for fear she would precipitate matters; and so, the next morning, soon after breakfast, Sandy set off. Belle encouraged him by an old shoe, which hit him between the shoulders and made him jump; but he made no complaint, and went on his embassy, dressed in a clean linen suit, and wearing his best hat.

When he returned, some time after, slowly shutting the gate after him, and having a very dejected appearance, Belle at once declared that their uncle had consented, but her mother was not so sure.

"Where is Papa?" then asked Sandy, languidly dropping into an easy chair, his hat still on his head.

"Gone to the library," said Belle. "My goodness, don't be so absurd! You look as if you had been a mile, instead of across the two lawns to Uncle Peyton's."

"Where 's Fred?" said Sandy.

"Gone with Papa."

"Only you two at home? Well, it makes no difference. The bolt must fall!" and he pushed his hat back, and wiped his forehead with Fred's best silk handkerchief.

"You 'll catch it if Fred sees that," said Belle. "What have you done to get so warm? And now, Sandy, you have on Fred's new shoes! You had better hurry them off, I assure you."

"The shoes ought to be blacked," observed Sandy, looking thoughtfully first at one foot, and then at the other. "Fred worked them up to an excellent brightness last night. I wonder if he would mind doing it again? I am afraid I could n't satisfy him."

"You had better try," replied Belle. "I don't know why Fred puts up with you. But did you get the house?"

Sandy felt in his pockets, and then answered, after also looking up his sleeves, that he had n't it about him.

"Don't be such a goose," said Belle. "Did Uncle Peyton say we could go?"

"I did n't ask him," said Sandy.

"That is just like one of you boys!" Belle exclaimed, in despair. "You say you will do a thing, everybody expects you to do it, and then you don't. I wish I had gone. I would n't come home without doing my errand."

"Did you see your uncle?" interposed their mother.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why did n't you ask him?"

"I did n't know I was expected to do that. I am only a boy, you know; and I thought Papa and you decided we could go. I only asked if we could have Greystone."

"I do think, Alexander Baird,— " began Belle, but at that moment, with yellow hair flying, hat in hand, with cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes full of mischief, in dashed a girl of about twelve years of age.

"You will tell me, Cousin Jule, wont you?" she exclaimed. "I know you will! Papa says there is no use in my knowing, and Sandy gave me the slip, and cut through the church-yard. You must have run all the way," turning to Sandy, "for I tore down the garden and jumped the fence. Mamma saw me, too, but she wont tell Papa. Mamma is n't mean. So wont you tell me, Cousin Jule? I know it must be fun, and you are going away to some place, and Papa says it is the most absurd thing he ever heard of, and he thinks Cousin Robert is crazy at last, and —"

"Did he say we could go, Kitty?" asked Belle, thinking that here was a short cut to knowledge.

"I don't know," said Kitty. "Where is it? Who is going? All of you? Can I go along? Do say yes, Cousin Jule, and all my dresses are clean."

"But your papa said there was no use in your knowing," impolitely remarked Sandy.

"Do say I may go, Cousin Jule," repeated Kitty.

"If your father is willing, we shall be glad to have you, Kitty."

"I'll ask him," and off darted Kitty, willing to take the pleasure of the expedition on faith, if only she could be allowed to go.

Then his mother turned to Sandy:

"What did your uncle say?" she asked.

"Now that, Mamma," he replied, "is a direct and proper question, and I will at once answer it. He said—well, in the first place, he was busy sorting papers, sermons, and such things, and so, of course, would have been glad not to have been interrupted, but of course I did n't know that, so I walked in, and after I sat down I said I had often thought of being a minister."

"Sandy, you did not!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, I did," said Sandy, with gravity and innocence, "for I often have, especially on Sunday in church, but of course I have always decided against it. I could n't take the responsibility of a parish, and I am too serious for any profession. It would not do to increase my sense of—"

"Don't be so very simple, Sandy," interrupted Belle. "What *did* Uncle Peyton say?"

"He said he was glad I ever thought seriously of anything, and I told him I had come upon a very serious errand, and I hoped my youth would be no objection."

"Oh, Sandy!" groaned Belle; "I don't wonder he refused."

"He was interested, anyhow, and he sat down and put his glasses in their case, and told me to go on. He thought, I am sure, that Fred had been turned out of college."

At this, Belle contemptuously curled her lip.

"He always said he would be, ever since Papa consented that Fred should join the boat-club, so the very idea put him in a good humor. Then I asked him,—for you see, Mamma, I thought I had better be a little diplomatic,—whether they were going away this summer, and he said they were—to the Catskills. This brought me nicely to the subject of camping out, and I think I might have persuaded him to try it if he had not taken out

his spectacles again and turned to his papers. So then I at once dropped the general advantages of camping, and gently unfolded the Greystone scheme."

"And what *did* he say? I declare, Sandy, I would like to shake you," said Belle, impatiently.

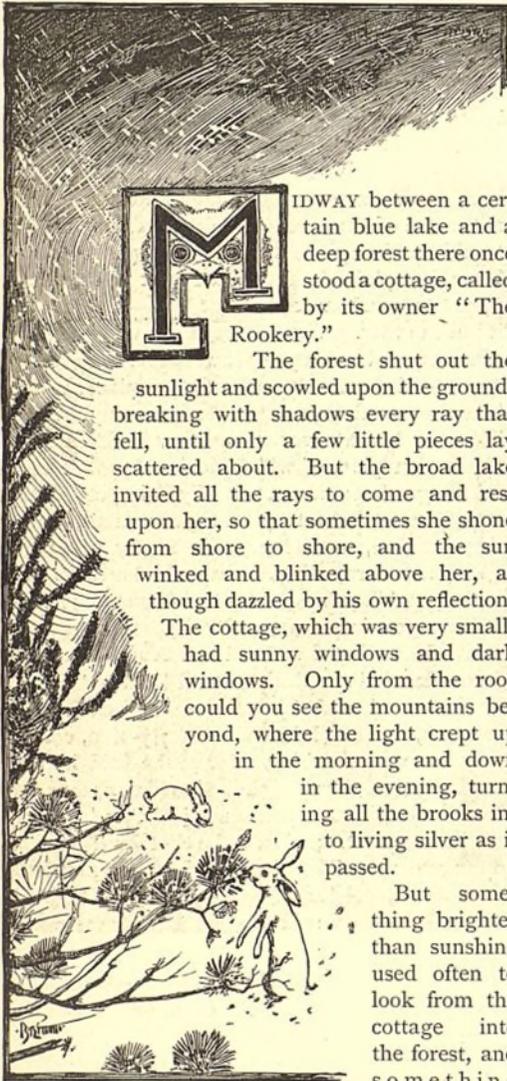
"I wish I had not run from Kitty," responded Sandy. "I might just as well have allowed her to get here first. The weather is too hot for active exertion. What did he say? He said much, very much. At first he just looked at me, and began to tie up some note-books. Then he said it was absurd, reckless, unnecessary; we would all have the rheumatism, and my father was certainly not aware of the condition of Greystone, or of the trouble and expense it would be to put it in order. Then I explained that although it is a house, we meant to consider it as a tent, and we did n't want it put in order. Then he began to talk about you, Mamma, and how wrong it would be to move your furniture into such a dusty, forlorn place, so I told him that we did n't expect to have any furniture. Then he looked over my head and addressed that Norwegian pine, of which he is so proud, and he said a good deal about a family living comfortably in a house where they had grass, trees, and all they needed, and how this family wanted to go to a forlorn, dirty, damp old barracks for a holiday! Then he got up and began to put some of his papers in a desk, and I suppose he thought I would leave, but I sat still and counted the books he has labeled as 'Ecclesiastical History.' He has two hundred and fifteen, counting each of the volumes, and one hundred and forty-nine, counting only the works. After a while he said he would see Papa, and then I explained to him, as we agreed last evening, that it was our picnic, and Papa was to be a guest, and not be bothered with the arrangements. Then he turned around and looked over his spectacles at me,—you know how Kitty hates that,—and said we could do as we pleased. The house was there. When I suggested that we wanted to rent it, he asked me if I supposed he would indorse such a plan by taking money for the house. So we can go, Mamma, when we please."

(To be continued.)



THE CROW-CHILD.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.



MIDWAY between a certain blue lake and a deep forest there once stood a cottage, called by its owner "The Rookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little pieces lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her, as though dazzled by his own reflection.

The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks into living silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest, and something

even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's, when she felt angry or ill-tempered.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky called her—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times. She was, therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion

night and day. Together they ate and slept, and—when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had dark, bright eyes, and the glossy blackness of his hair made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny ways for a boy, Cora thought. The quick, bird-like jerks of his raven-black head, his stately baby gait, and his habit of pecking at his food, as she called it, often made his sister laugh. Young as he was, the little fellow had learned to mount to the top of a low-branching tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down alone. Sometimes when, perched in the thick foliage, he would scream, "Cor! Cor! Come, help me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming."

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora often called him her birdie. This was when she was good-natured and willing to let him see how much she loved him. But in her cloudy moments, as the uncle called them, Cora was another girl. Everything seemed ugly to her, or out of tune. Even Ruky was a trial; and, instead of giving him a kind word, she would scold and grumble until he would steal from the cottage door, and, jumping lightly from the door-step, seek the shelter of his tree. Once safely perched among its branches he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humor, and be quite ready, when he cried "Cor! Cor!" to come out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky, in turn, could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all, Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger.

Nep and Ruky often talked together, and though one used barks and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the straggler that dared to cross Nep's path, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near!—those great teeth snapped at their prey without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely pull Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the untasted bone.

Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

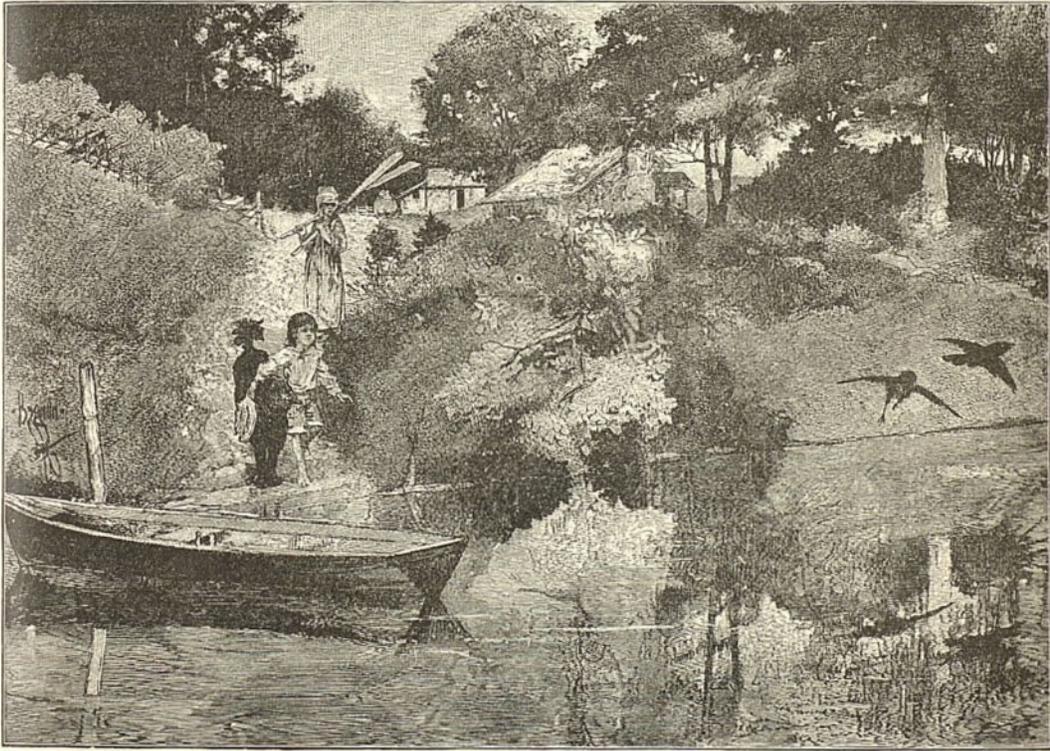
One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent saucily to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eyes had seemed to kindle so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing to do but to wait upon *you*," she cried, "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace."

This made him cry all the more, and Cora, feeling in her angry mood that he deserved severe punishment, threw away his supper and put him to bed. Then all that could be heard were Ruky's low sobs and the snappish clicks of Cora's needles, as she sat knitting, with her back to him.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were scalded with tears, and his plaintive "Cor, Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She never once looked up from those gleaming knitting-needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last



CORA AND RUKY.

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come. Ruky wants to see the stars."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a whipping when Uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side; "Nep says 'No!'"

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed, with many a hasty jerk and pull.

"You hurt, Cor!" he said, plaintively. "I'm going to take off my shoes my own self."

"No, you're not," cried Cor, almost shaking him; and when he cried she called him naughty, and said if he did not stop he should have no sup-

per. Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered "Cor,—Cor!" He even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn toward him, and, with a loving kiss, murmur as usual, "Good-night, little birdie."

Instead of this, she jerked her arm angrily away, saying:

"Oh, stop your pecking and go to sleep! I wish you were a crow in earnest, and then I should have some peace."

After this, Ruky was silent. His heart drooped

within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

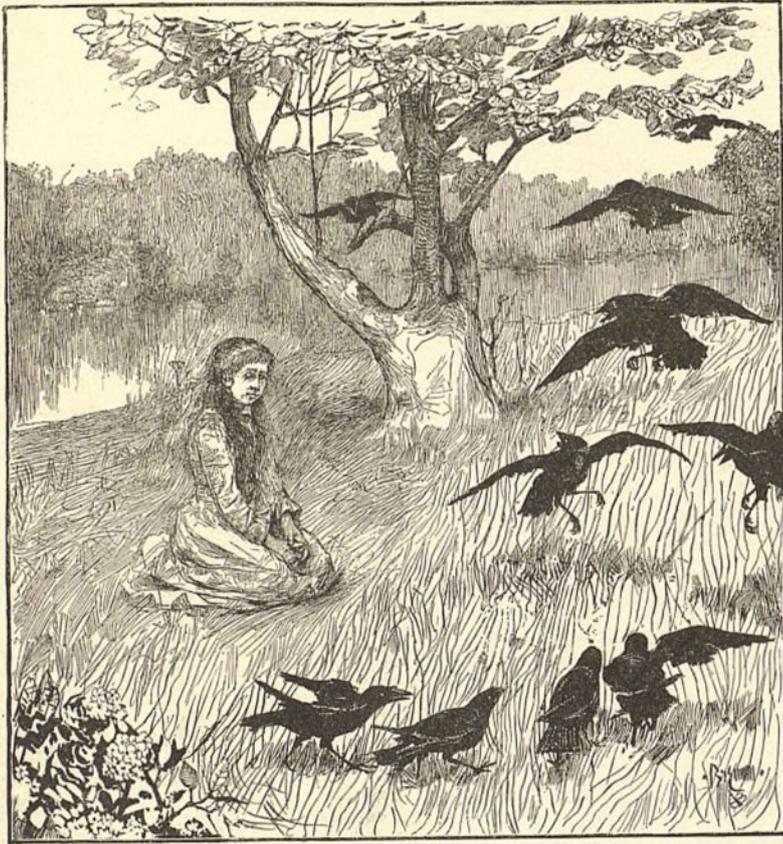
Soon, Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm,

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing tree.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from the



"OH, RUKY! IS THIS YOU?"

heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object wheel once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not either shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up, horror-stricken,—Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm—perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lighted the candle, and peered in every corner. The boy was not to be found!

Then those fearful words rang in her ears:

"*I wish you were a crow in earnest!*"

Cora rushed to the door, and, with straining gaze, looked out into the still night.

Something black seemed to spin out of it, and then, in great, sweeping circles, sailed upward, until finally it settled upon one of the loftiest trees in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but, with outstretched arms, cried out:

"O Ruky, if it is *you*, come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices, as a shadow like a thunder-cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher and higher, then lower and lower, until, screaming "Caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Answer me, Ruky!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered softly together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a

lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore: there was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight never would come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars, one by one, and waited for the sunshine.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread-crumbs near the door-way, hoping that Ruky would come for them; but only a few timid little songsters hovered about, and while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills. When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky!" they were frightened away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and, bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it all around his favorite tree. Before long, to her great joy, a flock of crows came by. They spied the grain, and soon were busily picking it up, with their short, feathered bills. One even came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she fell upon her knees, with an imploring cry:

"Oh, Ruky! Is *this* you?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and surrounding the crow who was hopping closer and closer to Cora, hurried him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rain or shine, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows, and perhaps kill her own birdie first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, excepting once, when one of them settled upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barked with uproarious delight. The crow flew off with a frightened "caw," and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There were none to help her; for the nearest neighbor dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

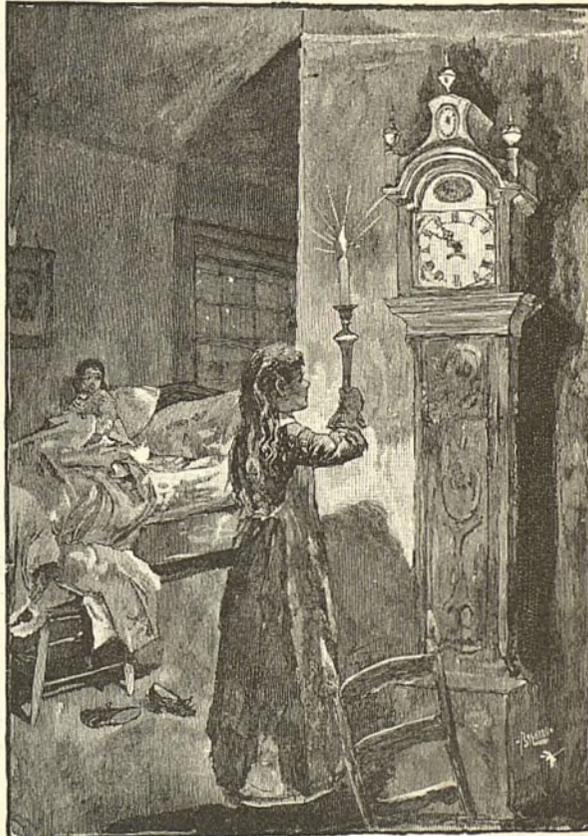
After a while she remembered the little cup, and filling it with grain, stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came, they fought and struggled

for its contents, with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He seemed contented to peck at the berries painted upon its sides, as he hopped joyfully around it again and again. Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wistful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully toward the bird.

"It *is* Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Alas! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Next, gunners came. They were looking for other game; but they hated the crows, Cora knew, and she trembled night and day. She could hear the sharp crack of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, pricking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound. She knew, too, that her uncle had set traps for the crows, and it seemed to her that



"JUST TWO HOURS!"

the whole world was against the poor birds, plotting their destruction.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into

bright colors and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a terrible night of wind and storm, Cora felt that she must go forth and seek her poor bird.

"Perhaps he is freezing—dying!" she cried, springing frantically from the bed, and casting her long cloak over her night-dress.

In a moment, she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could hardly walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed scarcely to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart, and promising never, never to be passionate again, if she only could find her birdie—not Ruky, the boy, but whatever he might be—she was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ear. With eager haste, she peered into every fold of the drifted snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor storm-beaten crow, lying there benumbed and stiff.

For Ruky's sake, she folded it closely to her bosom, and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its glossy wing as she

entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it, she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel and breathed into its open mouth. Soon, to her great relief, it revived, and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary, she cast herself upon the bed, still folding the bird to her heart. "It may be Ruky! It is all I ask," she sobbed. "I dare not pray for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing lightly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck; and she heard a sweet voice saying:

"Don't cry, Cor,—I'll be good."

She started up. It was, indeed, her own darling! The starlight shone into the room. Lighting her candle, she looked at the clock. It was just two hours since she had uttered those cruel words. Sobbing, she asked:

"Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"

"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they're asleep?"

"Sometimes, Ruky," clasping him very close.

"Then you have been asleep. But, Cor, please don't let Uncle whip Ruky."

"No, no, my birdie—I mean, my brother. Good-night, darling!"

"Good-night."



TINSEL WITHOUT, BUT METAL WITHIN.

By T. L. B.

I 'M only my lady's page—
And just for the night of the ball—
To prance on a parlor stage,
And run at her beck and call.

I 'm only my lady's page,
But mark me, my fellows, all,
You 'll be civiler men, I 'll engage,
When I pommel you—after the ball!



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FINE, OR SUPERFINE?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



IN the company, that night, there were four boys and four girls, and they were Gay's most particular friends. He would have liked to invite three other young people, but eight made a convenient number—just enough for a quadrille, with Gay's lady-sister at the piano; the right number, too, for comfortable seating at the table, though a larger number were seatable by putting in the last leaf; but then the best table-cloth—the very best—the snow-drop damask, would not reach by three inches. Of course, this defect might be managed by piecing with a fine towel, and setting the tea-tray over the piecing. But it was better to have things come out even and comfortable.

After the party had enjoyed the tea, and had looked at the albums, autographic and photographic, at the stereoscopic pictures, and at Gay's collection of coins and of postage-stamps, and at his lady-sister's collection of sea-weeds, some inspired boy proposed games.

Everybody said: "Oh! Yes! Let's!" and each proposed a separate game.

"Simon says wig-wag" was selected.

The lady-sister volunteered her services as prompter.

There was great merriment. The frequent lapses among the players created a stream of forfeits. In fifteen minutes, every boy's pocket was emptied of knife, purse, pencil, rubber, and anything else available for a pawn, and not one of the girls had a handkerchief left, or a bracelet, or ring, or flower, or a removable ribbon. All such articles were piled on the sofa beside the tyrannical Simon, as penalties paid for inattention to his orders.

"Now, we'll redeem the pawns," said Simon, perceiving that the interest in wagging and thumbs-down was waning.

John Dabney was selected as master of ceremonies, the lady-sister acted as blind judge, and the redeeming of forfeits began.

"Heavy! Heavy! Heavy! What hangs over you?" John cried, with ponderous tone, as he held over the lady-sister's head a handkerchief of cobwebby lace, that swayed in the window-breeze as if in refutation of his tone and words.

"Fine, or superfine?" asked the judge, through the handkerchief over her face.

"Fine," answered John, with confidence.

"Oh, you must say it's superfine, if it's a girl's pawn," somebody said.

"Oh, yes! I understand now," said John. "It's superfine. What shall the owner do?"

"Act the dumb servant," ordered the judge.

"Go along, Sarah; it's yours," was the call.

"Sarah Ketchum can't act the dumb servant; she can't keep from talking long enough. And, besides, she can't act the servant, she's so used to making servants of other folks. Give her the talking mistress to act, and she'll do that as if she was born to it."

It was Hal who was flinging out all these jokes at Sarah Ketchum's expense. He and Sarah were always sparring.

"Sarah shows that she can be dumb and humble by not replying to your chaffing," Maggie said, as the elected actor took position and faced the audience.

"How do you wash dishes?" John asked of the dumb servant.

"By proxy," Hal volunteered.

Sarah reached a vase from the mantel.

"One of her dishes," commented the audience, "and the pansy lamp-mat is the dish-cloth."

The dumb actor dipped the mat into a card-receiver, and made believe to wash the vase, a volume of Whittier's poems, and a paper-weight.

When the washing was ended, Maggie threw out a criticism:

"She leaves her dish-cloth in the greasy water, and does n't empty the dish-pan."

"How do you dress a chicken?" the dumb servant was asked.

Sarah looked about, seeking materials for an object-lesson. She caught sight of a stuffed owl. Like a masterful eagle, she possessed herself of it. Then she darted out of the room, presently returning with a doll-trunk. From this, she produced pantalets for the owl's legs, a ruff for its neck, a hat for its head, and soon it stood in full dress and spectacles, looking so wise and so funny that the children laughed heartily.

"How do you take care of the baby?" John asked the dumb servant, interrupting the laughing comments on Master Owl's appearance as a "dressed chicken."

The dumb servant walked over to her traditional enemy Hal, who, fortunately, had a plump, round face, quite in keeping with the character of baby.

He occupied a rocking-chair. Sarah laid his head

against the chair-back, and began singing in pantomime, "Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber!" in the meantime rocking him so violently that the baby clutched the chair's arms in terror. Then, quite in character with the traditional nurse, she seized a large flower-vase and pretended to pour some drug into his mouth, in a way that made him gag and sneeze, and contort his face.

"No need to give him sleeping-drops," some one commented; "he 's one of the famous seven, already."

Hal, instead of sleeping on his soothing-syrup, sat up straight as a crock, stretched his eyes wide open, and showed unusual animation. Whereupon the dumb nurse administered such fresh rockings and shakings as must have revenged her for many an attack she had received from Hal.

The master of ceremonies rescued the baby from further infliction, by waving a wand, in other words, a lead-pencil, and pronouncing the spell of silence removed from Sarah.

"Fine, or superfine?" demanded the blind justice, when assured that something hung over her.

"Fine, only. What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

"Put one hand where the other can't touch it," the judge pronounced.

"Hal's! It's Hal's!" the young people cried, in joyful excitement.

Hal stood up, facing the company, the impersonation of smiles.

"Now, go ahead. Do it," said Alfred.

Hal launched out on the sea of experimenting, by placing the right hand on the right shoulder.

"Oh!" said Alfred. "Of course you can touch that hand with the left," and Hal immediately demonstrated that he could do this.

Then the right hand went between his shoulder-blades, but was presently met by the left. Then under the right knee was tried, but this, too, as well as the left, turned out to be accessible to both hands.

"Hal thinks that his right arm is longer than his left, and can outreach it," said Sarah Ketchum.

Maggie, who had been trying to solve the puzzle, now expressed the opinion that the thing could n't be done.

So said one and another.

"I'll tell you, Hal, how you might do it," said Alfred. "If you could get one hand in your mouth, then you'd have it where the other could n't touch it."

But Hal, unheeding Alfred's fun, kept on twisting and screwing, finding out much more about his joints and the movements of muscles and the relations of parts than he had remarked in years before.

Suddenly, he cried out, "There! I've got it!"

His right hand was on the left elbow, and his left hand was straining to reach the right. Instantly everybody's right hand was put on the left elbow, testing Hal's solution.

"That 's it!" "He 's done it!" "Hurrah for Hal!"

Hal went to his seat, flushed with exercise and triumph, and the play proceeded.

"What shall the owner do?" John demanded, concerning another pawn.

"Measure on the wall the height of a stove-pipe hat from the floor. Failing to come within an inch of the height, the owner must leave the room, and come back with more arms than two."

"That 's easy enough," said the sentenced, who was no less a personage than Sarah Ketchum.

She made a mark on the wall, as her estimate of the hat's height. It was nearly nine inches from the floor.

"Oh, it is n't that high," said Alfred, laughing gayly.

Then the others said, "No!" "Yes!" "No, it is n't!" "Yes, it is!" etc.

"Bring the stove-pipe," said Sarah. "I'm sure I'm within an inch of being right."

But when the hat was set on the floor, there were several exclamations of surprise.

Sarah had failed, and the conditional sentence was repeated.

"Leave the room, and return with more arms than two."

When she had gone, all fell to wondering how she would do this. Some thought she might come back carrying a statuette; some said it would be a doll, if she could find one; others were sure she would wheel in an arm-chair. But their surmises were speedily ended, as Sarah's re-entrance was greeted with laughter and cheers. Over one shoulder she carried a gun and a broom; in one hand was a revolver, while in her belt gleamed two carving-knives.

Alfred was the next one called out. He was required to place a yard of wrapping-cord upon the floor in such a manner that two persons standing on it would not be able to touch each other with their hands.

It was a sight to see those girls and boys manipulate that string. They laid it straight, they laid it zigzag, they curved it, they did it into a circle. Finally, they owned themselves beaten. Then Gay's lady-sister opened the door, laid the string across the sill, stationing Hal on one end of the cord and Sarah Ketchum on the other; she closed the door between them, turned the key in the lock, and said, loud enough for both to hear:

"Now, shake hands, good friends!"

Then everybody saw that it was "just as easy as anything."

The next penalty, Fred Groots was to pay. He was to put a question the answer to which would be always wrong. This was a great puzzler. All early gave it up, and called imperatively on the judge to explain. She replied:

"What does W R O N G spell?"

"How easy!" "What stupids we were!"

"Place that silver vase on the floor so that one cannot step over it," was the judge's next order.

It was Gay's pawn that this was to redeem.

"Well, there!" said Gay, setting the vase in the center of the room.

"But one can step over that," was claimed.

"No; one can't," Gay replied, with confidence.

"Why, what nonsense!" said the boys, gathering about the vase, and striding over it, back and forth.

"There!" "Can't we?" they demanded.

"Yes," Gay admitted, but added, with a superior air: "You can; but I know one who can't; one Muscovy duck, and also one mosquito."

Then the judge, not satisfied with Gay's solution, put the vase close up in a corner, and said:

"Now, let us see you step over it."

They saw then that they could n't.

The next requisition was upon Maggie. She was to put Gay through into the adjoining room, without opening the door, and without leaving the room.

"Why," said Gay, "she could n't put me in there if she had all the improved war projectiles, that is, if I did n't want to go."

"Oh! that's the way," said one of the girls, "she's to put you in there by moral suasion. You'll go through the front door and come around."

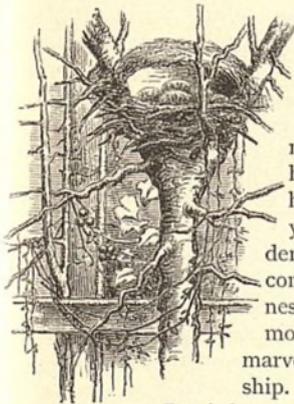
"That's not the way," said the judge. "I'll state the sentence in another form. Maggie is to put Gay through the key-hole."

"I know," said Maggie, bubbling with eagerness. "Give me a pencil. I'll write 'Gay' on a slip of paper, and put it through the key-hole."

The last sentenced was Clara. She was to push the baby-carriage, which was standing in the next room, through her bracelet.

How do you think she did it?

SOME CURIOUS NESTS.



YOU all have noticed, on some spring day, a bird picking up twigs or straws with which to build its nest, and if you ever have seen the tiny home when finished, you must have wondered at its beauty and completeness. For the nests of even our commonest birds are often marvels of skillful workmanship.

But it happens that, within the last year, ST. NICHOLAS has received accounts of some unusually interesting nests; real curiosities or accidents in nest-building, such as you would hardly find by searching whole acres of meadow and orchard. Some of these oddities are peculiar or remarkable in themselves, and others are merely common nests, but have been found in very queer places. You shall have the descriptions of them just as they came to us in the letters of cor-

respondents, with accurate pictures, which ST. NICHOLAS has had made from photographs of the real objects.

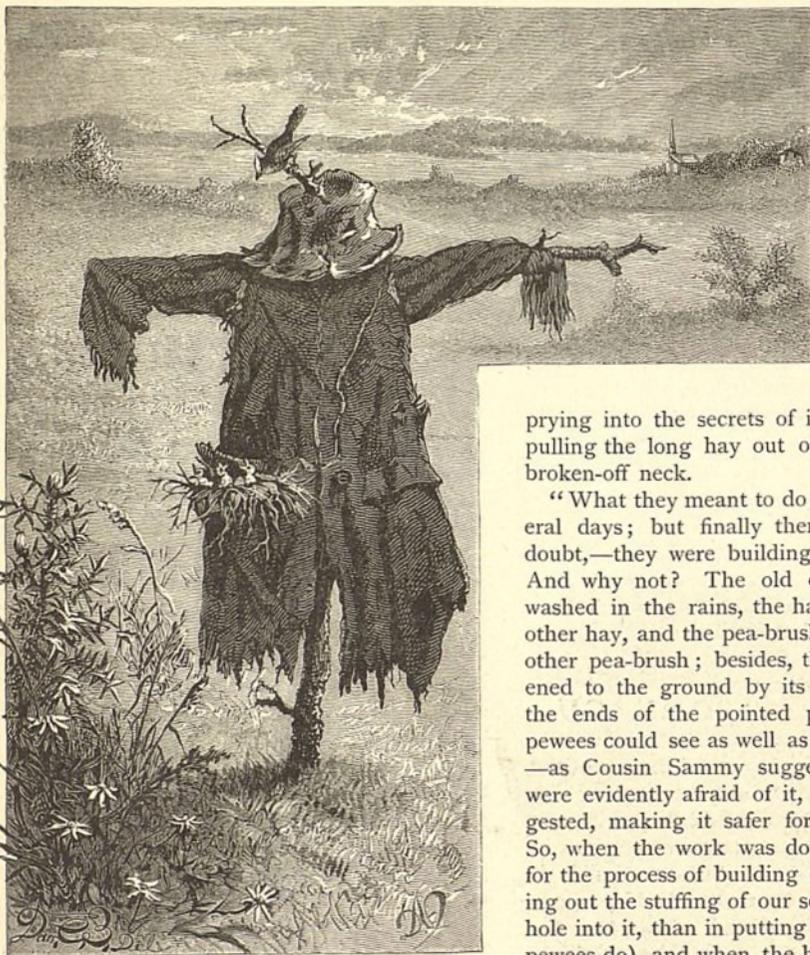
Here, to begin with, is an account by D. B., of a nest in a scarecrow; and on the next page is a picture of it, just as it appeared when discovered:

"In a grain-field near Hempstead, L. I., I found an old coat and a hat set up as a scarecrow, the sleeves being stretched out on a crosswise stick. However dreadful this may have seemed to the person who set it up, the little creatures it was meant to frighten away were not in the least scared by it; for in one of the side pockets of the coat, a pair of cedar-birds had built a cozy nest. When I saw the scarecrow, the little home was filled with unfledged birds, cheeping and crying, their crests raised, while the mother, perched on a small branch which stuck out above the scarecrow's hat, was gently twittering good-byes to her noisy brood, before going to forage for their breakfast."

Strange place that for a bird's-nest! And yet not so strange, nor dangerous, if the bird was small, and Mr. Scarecrow did his duty well by fright-

ening the hawks and other winged enemies away. Perhaps the little parents "builed better than they knew"; but it may be they had found out in

dressed up in most artistic fashion with a suit of John's old clothes,—trousers, vest, and coat, topped out with an old hat, which soon blew away,—



THE NEST IN THE SCARECROW.

some strange way that the ugly looking gentleman standing always in that one place in the field was no enemy, and would even protect them. At any rate, this does not seem to be the first instance of a bird's-nest in a scarecrow, for in the same letter D. B. sends this record of another :

"When telling about this strange discovery to some friends, one of them recalled a similar incident which he had once read about, and after searching some time, among old papers, we finally found the account in a number of *Our Young Folks*. Here it is :

"It was in the bosom of a stuffed effigy, which had been set up to scare away the crows from our corn. A bunch of pea-sticks and a little hay,

formed this awful scare. And funny enough it was to see a pair of little pewees making its acquaintance; looking up its legs of sticks, and looking down upon it from the apple-trees; picking at the rags streaming from its coat-tails, and then perching most audaciously upon its wide shoulders ;

prying into the secrets of its heart of clover, and pulling the long hay out of the stump of its old broken-off neck.

"What they meant to do was hard to tell for several days; but finally there was no longer any doubt,—they were building a nest in its bosom! And why not? The old clothes had been well washed in the rains, the hay was as sweet as any other hay, and the pea-brush just the same as any other pea-brush; besides, the thing was well fastened to the ground by its feet, which were only the ends of the pointed pea-sticks. Those the pewees could see as well as we, or any other *wees*,—as Cousin Sammy suggested,—and the crows were evidently afraid of it, as somebody else suggested, making it safer for the wise little birds. So, when the work was done (or rather *undone*, for the process of building consisted more in pulling out the stuffing of our scarecrow and making a hole into it, than in putting sticks together as most pewees do), and when the hole was well lined with the soft little nothings which the pewees find, we hardly know where, and the little brown hen settled herself down into her hiding-place, and paterfamilias sat upon the headless pea-brush neck, and caroled forth his song of triumph to his mate and his note of defiance to all crows that might dare to scale his castle-walls, and the rags of the sleeves fluttered merrily in the breeze, we doubted whether that suit of clothes was ever happier than it was then; and John doubted, too.

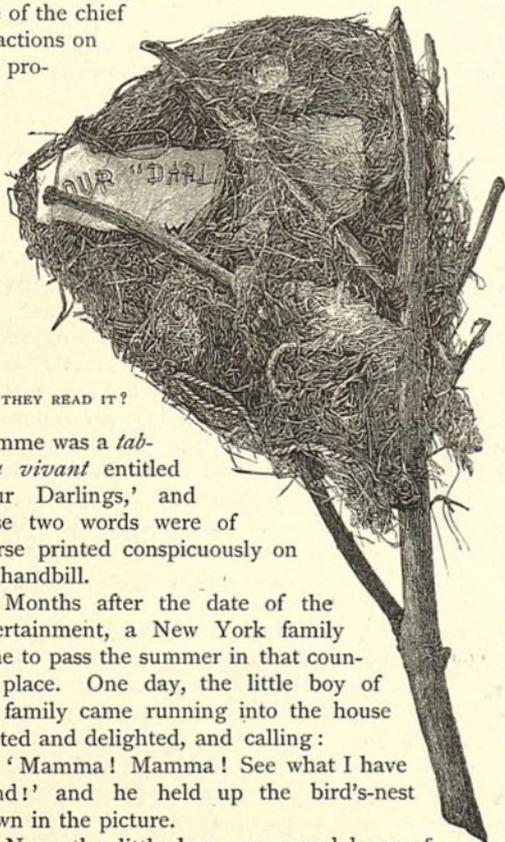
"The nest was carefully observed from a distance, for no birds like to be scrutinized too closely; and, in due course of time, a family of little pewees were taking their first lessons in flying. Some of them tried to fly too soon, and then came one of the funniest incidents of all. Our little ones were quite distressed that the poor little birds

should be dispersed upon the ground, from which they were unable to rise, and so Charlie caught them all and tried to put them back into the nest, but he could not reach it; so, what must he do, but stow them all carefully away into one of the side-pockets of the old coat, into which he had first stuffed some hay, to keep the pocket open; and how delighted were he and his sisters to see the old birds come there and feed the young and care for them several days, until their wings were more fully grown, and they were able once more, and with better success, to take a start into the world!"

But now hear this wonderful little story, from S. G. T., of how a bird-pair seemed actually to read,—for how could they possibly have chosen better words for a motto for their little home than the two which were found upon it?

"In a certain country place, not very far from the city of New York, there was once an entertainment, and handbills were distributed freely in the neighborhood; so that a great many soon lay about on the ground, and were blown by the wind into all sorts of places.

One of the chief attractions on the pro-



HAD THEY READ IT?

gramme was a *tableau vivant* entitled 'Our Darlings,' and these two words were of course printed conspicuously on the handbill.

"Months after the date of the entertainment, a New York family came to pass the summer in that country place. One day, the little boy of the family came running into the house excited and delighted, and calling:

"'Mamma! Mamma! See what I have found!' and he held up the bird's-nest shown in the picture.

"Now, the little boy was a real lover of

birds, so his mother knew he would not have taken the nest from its place if it had not been deserted. And when she looked at it closely, she saw that the little builders had woven in among the twigs and straw a piece of one of the old handbills; and this piece actually bore the words, 'Our Darlings'! That was why the boy was excited about the nest, and, indeed, everybody thinks it so pretty and curious a thing, that it is kept with great care, and looked upon as a treasure."



THE NEST SUPPORTED BY
A THREAD.

The picture shows you the nest exactly as it was when found by the boy, with the sweet little dedication woven into its side. Surely those birdlings must have had a happy home!

And now you shall hear of the wonderful ingenuity which a bird showed in keeping its house from falling. What architect could have done better? Read this, from H. E. D., of Spice-land, Indiana:

"This curious little nest, I think, was built by an orchard oriole, but I cannot say certainly, as the owner had left it before I found it.

"It is made of the long bast fiber from various plants, white cotton lapping-twine, long horse-hairs and sewing-thread. The bast fibers form the larger part of the nest, the twine being interwoven with it in a way that strengthens the fabric. Around several twigs there are loops of twine, the ends having been carried down and woven into the walls of the nest.

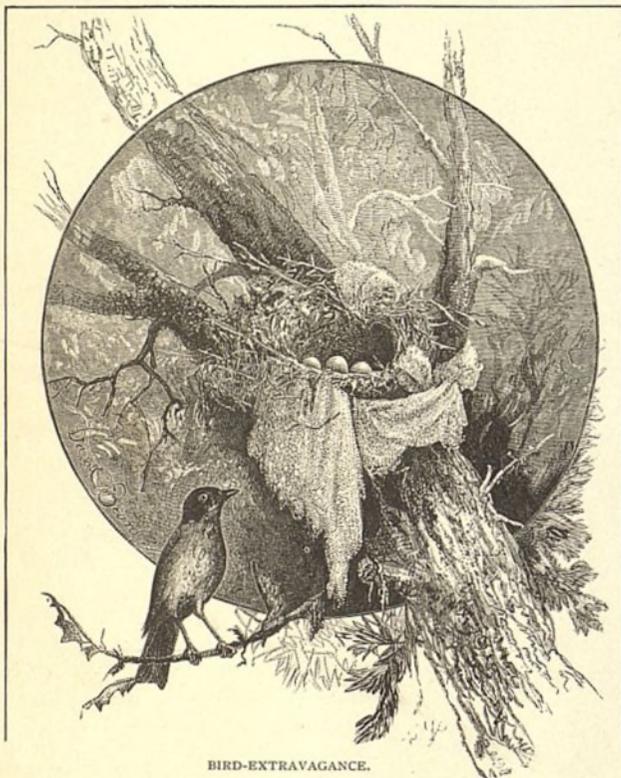
"It was built in the top of a small swamp-maple that stood near a dwelling. The nest was placed between a small twig and the main stem; the loops of twine, before referred to, fastened it to some twigs higher up. Two sides of the nest were sewed to the branchlets, the fiber, twine and hair passing over the branch and through the edge of the nest, in stitches close together.

"But the strangest and most curious part in its construction is this: The twigs, to which it is sewed, diverge from each other and leave a space so broad that without additional support that side of the nest would have sagged. To meet this difficulty, the bird has taken a piece of No. 8 sewing-thread

and firmly woven one end of it into the body of the nest, while the other end she has carried to a projecting twig, some distance above, and there secured it by winding it five times around the stem and then tying it with a *perfect single knot!*

"The picture gives a good view of the side of the nest to which the thread-support is fastened, and the thread itself tied to the upper twig."

This incident of H. E. D.'s shows plainly enough



BIRD-EXTRAVAGANCE.

that birds know how to benefit themselves in nest-building by using articles manufactured by man, in place of the poor substitutes which the woods and fields afford them. And, as another proof of this, a letter and picture given in *ST. NICHOLAS* of last year, but which will be fresh to our new subscribers, are reprinted here :

"One day, not long ago, I washed a number of pieces of very fine lace, and left them spread out on the lawn. Presently, I went to look at them, so as to be sure they were all right, for they were valuable.

"One, two, three pieces were gone!

"Yet there were no fresh tracks on the lawn and paths, and, when I asked in the house, I was told that no one there had been near the lace, or seen anybody else near it, during the whole morning.

"This was puzzling, as well as disagreeable; and so I went to look again.

"Another piece vanished!

"Then I put a chair near the porch, and sat down and sewed, watching the lace carefully. But once I bent my eyes to my work for about half a minute, and when I looked up again,—

"Still another treasure was gone!

"This time I knew that no one but myself could have been near the lace. How, then, could it have disappeared? I put away my sewing, and for five minutes steadily gazed at the pieces left.

"Somebody in the house called out, and I glanced around. As I turned my eyes forward again, what should I see, sailing away in the air, a few yards from me, but a piece of the precious lace, trailing from the beak of a robin!

"I soon found that it was the same saucy fellow who had taken all the pieces, and that he had tried to make his little home beautiful with them.

"The lace was spoiled when we found it, for Robin had torn it when weaving it in with twigs; but the nest looked so pretty that I let my ruined treasures stay.—Yours truly, MARGARET H."

The picture shows just how Robin's nest looked, and it certainly was a beautiful home for him.

Last of all, here is an anecdote showing that birds not only know enough to help themselves by such material as thread, twine, lace, wool, etc., but that they are even so wise as to select goods of the proper color. C. S. B., of Parkesburg, Pa., writes:

"Last summer, just when the trees were at the greenest, an oriole and his mate came to our yard and began to build their nest in a drooping bough of the old sycamore, where the foliage was very thick. Both birds went busily to work to find materials for a nest, and soon they began to examine whatever household articles were left within safe distance from the house. They would pull and pucker the linens and lace that were spread on the lawn, and at last, to stop their mischief, we concluded to furnish all the material they needed, ready for use. So we got together some thread and strings, and a variety of other scraps, rags of various colors, some red and gray yarn, etc., and spread them about here and there, wherever we thought they would be just in the way of the little builders. We had not long to wait, and they soon accepted a good portion of what we had laid out

for them. But after awhile we noticed that only the gray or dull-colored things were taken. The red was a puzzle; they evidently admired it, but decided, at last, that it would hardly do; for their acts plainly said 'It is pretty, *very* pretty, but then, it's so gay! We're afraid it would make too much show.'

"At last the nest was finished, and when lined and

complete, it was beautiful indeed, and worthy of all the care they had bestowed upon it. The skill of the tailor and weaver was shown in its sides, and the colors were chosen with great care. *But not one thread of crimson was found in it.* Cozy as it was, all its tints were dull and subdued, and an enemy would have had to look long to discover it among the thick foliage."



OUR LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

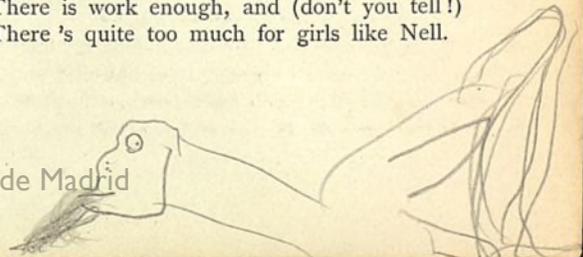
BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

"OH, Mamma, Mamma, it's half-past eight!
Where are my rubbers? I shall be late;
And where is my pencil? I know just where
I laid it down, but it is not there;
Oh, here is my bag with my books all right—
I'm glad that my lessons were learned last night;
And now I'm off—here 's a kiss—good-bye,"—
And out of the door I see her fly.

I stand at the window and watch her go,
Swinging her school-bag to and fro;
And I think of a little girl I knew,
A long way back, when my years were few;
And the old red house beneath the hill,
Where she went to school, I see it still,
And I make for the child a little moan,
For her face, through the mist, is like my own.

The hours go by, it is half-past two,
And here comes Nell with her school-mate Sue;
They had their lessons, they both were "five,"
There are no happier girls alive.
They laugh and shout, and to and fro
Through every room in the house they go;
The music-teacher will come at four,
But they can play for an hour and more.

It is evening now, and, with look sedate,
Our little maid with her book and slate
Comes into the room. We chatter and read,
But she to be "perfect" must work indeed.
No need to be talking in days like these
Of the "early birds," and the "busy bees":
There is work enough, and (don't you tell!)
There 's quite too much for girls like Nell.



THE GREAT SECRET.

BY RUTH HALL.

"I DON'T care! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live, Nell Bayley. So there!"

Now, when a little girl says she "don't care," in just that tone, and with just that face, it is pretty certain that she does care, and that very much indeed. Avis Sinclair was no exception to this rule. Her fair, round face was flushed with anger, her blue eyes sparkled unpleasantly, her forehead was wrinkled in tiny furrows, and alas! her rosy mouth was rapidly taking on that mocking pout which, Charles Dickens says, "children call making a face."

Nell Bayley swung her satchel of books up into the air, and caught it, lightly.

"Nonsense!" she said, with a toss of her nut-brown hair. "I know your 'never speaks,' Avy. To-morrow morning you'll 've forgotten all about it, and come just as usual to me to see 'f I've got all my examples."

"Never! No, ma'am, not ever again will I speak to you! Not about examples nor anything. Going and having secrets away from me!"

And indignant Avis marched off up the street, feeling as lonely as if these dreadful threats had not been reiterated every few weeks, all that part of her short life during which she and Nellie had been friends.

Mrs. Sinclair, looking up from her sewing, as the child came into the parlor with downcast air and lagging step, smiled and said, gently:

"Well, dear, what has Nellie been doing now?"

"Don't laugh, Mamma! She *has* been mean. They've all been mean—all the girls. They're all horrid together, and I despise them!"

"Avis!" The little girl knelt down by her mother's side and laid her head in her lap.

"Mamma," she said, "may I tell you all about it? It's quite a long story, but I have been so miserable all day."

"Yes, tell the whole story, Avis. This is worse than an ordinary quarrel with Nellie, I am afraid."

"Oh, it's a great deal worse, and I have n't done anything at all now, really. You see," Avis continued, raising her head, "when I went into school, this morning, all the arithmetic class were in Miss Bell's recitation-room, where we always go, you know; and I went in, too, of course. There they all were by the window, giggling and whispering, and when they saw me—did n't they stop and all look confused, you know, and ashamed! And I heard some one say, 'Here she comes,

now!' Honest, Mamma! I think it was Letty Davis. And that shows they were talking about me; now, does n't it?"

"Well, was there anything else?"

"Oh, yes 'm. They smoothed it over then, and began to talk, and I did n't say anything, because they all say I do get mad so easy. But all day long, Nellie and Agnes Hoyt have been writing notes, and Nell would hide 'em under her books, just as if she was afraid I'd see 'em. When I wanted her to walk at recess, she could n't—she 'had to speak to Agnes.' And they went into the recitation-room together, and all the other girls kept whispering and laughing. Why, Mamma, it was dreadful!"

"Did n't you ask Nellie what it all meant?"

"Yes 'm, I did. Oh, of course! And she said, 'You'll find out all in good time, Avis.' Oh, so patronizing! And then —"

"And then you said she need not tell you, and that you never were going to speak to her again?"

"Why, yes." Avis hung her head for a moment. "But, now, was n't it mean, Mother?"

"Don't let us judge just yet, dear. There must be some reason for the girls' strange conduct, which you *will* 'know in good time.' Meanwhile, Avis, I would not pay attention to their secrets, but give them a few days to explain themselves."

It was much the wisest course to pursue, as Avis felt obliged to acknowledge; and, like a sensible girl, as she was in the main, she followed her mother's counsel so far as to be overwhelmingly polite and attentive to each and every "horrid" offender the next day.

She gave Nellie's hand an affectionate squeeze when she came in, and this her seat-mate returned in a matter-of-fact manner, the ceremony being part of the "making-up" after every disagreement.

The girls were on their guard, she thought, but she saw much consultation in the hall-ways, caught fragments of conversation during recess, and heard stray mutterings and whisperings during the buttoning of cloaks and tying of veils.

To be the only girl left out was a new and bitter experience. Avis had been leader in every plan ever since she was a little thing in pinafores. Nellie hitherto had been contented to follow. "But now I am not wanted," Avis said, bitterly, to herself, as she sat in her seat alone, and watched Nellie and Agnes Hoyt walking up and down, with heads close together and arms affectionately entwined.

Avis was always jealous of Agnes. The mean feeling she had been ashamed to confess, even to herself. But this preference of Nellie's had fanned it into a hot and angry flame.

"Agnes has enough," she thought, remembering the stately house opposite her mother's cottage, and the ponies behind which Agnes drove to school. "I'm sure, if I wore ear-rings and an overskirt, I should n't try to coax other people's friends away. No, indeed!"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" went the bell from the desk; and the girls hurried to their seats.

"Oh, dear! I don't half know my French," Agnes muttered, as she rummaged in her desk.

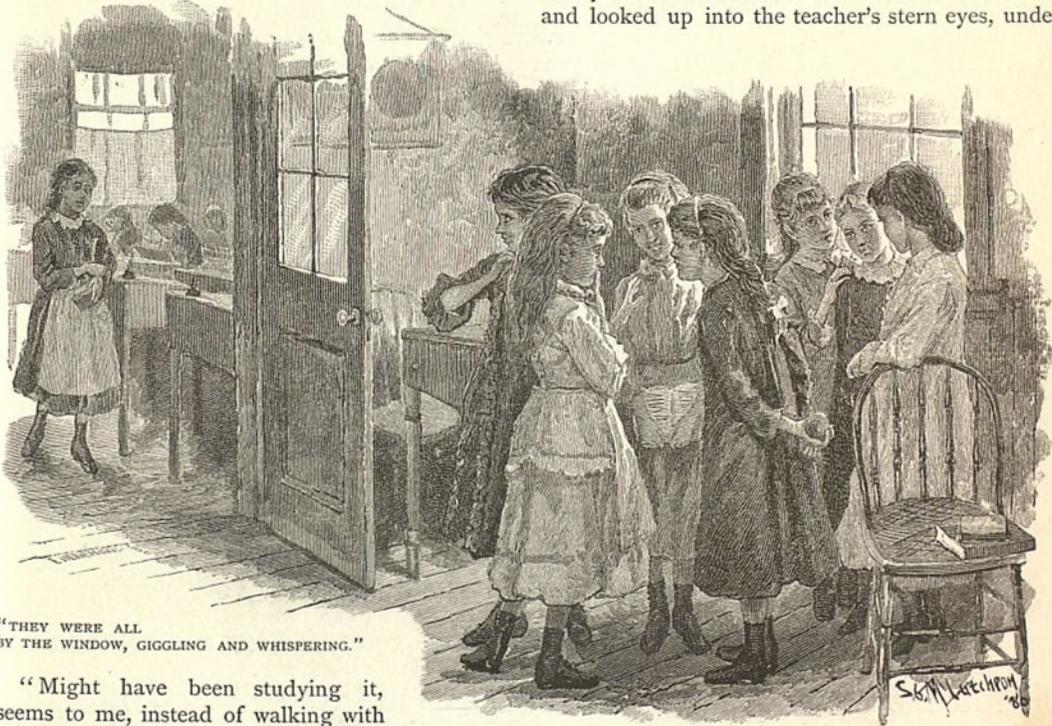
"Past indefinite of *avoir*, Miss Hoyt," he said, balancing his ruler.

"*J'eus, tu eus* ——" began Agnes; but the words were not fairly out of her mouth, when "Miss Sinclair!" came sharply from the teacher.

Avis saw the start of surprise and the reddening cheeks. She knew Agnes was being unfairly treated, but she recited the proper tense, with her head thrown back and eyes looking at nothing.

"Let her tell him she did n't hear distinctly," she thought. "It is n't my place to help her out. No, indeed!" But she felt very uncomfortable.

"You have dropped your handkerchief, Miss Sinclair," Professor Vernier said, as the girls filed slowly out of the room. Avis turned to take it, and looked up into the teacher's stern eyes, under



"THEY WERE ALL BY THE WINDOW, GIGGLING AND WHISPERING."

"Might have been studying it, seems to me, instead of walking with other people's friends," thought Avis, folding her exercise, meanwhile, with an expression of virtuous knowledge.

Avis had not quarreled with the girls; her manner was very lady-like and polite, but frosty,—oh, extremely cool! Even Nellie felt that.

I am sorry to write it, but now Avis really felt a little thrill of satisfaction at the thought of Agnes's half-learned lesson. You see, Agnes stood the best chance for the French prize, and Avis was but two marks below her. There was one disadvantage Agnes labored under, and it came near to lessening the distance between the two little girls to-day. She was quite deaf from a bad cold. This, Professor Vernier did not know.

the heavy brows. A sudden, a saving thought came to her of last Sunday night, by the hearth-glow, and Mamma reading something about "Bear ye one another's burdens."

She folded the handkerchief into tiny creases, and fumbled over the ink-stains in one corner, and folded in the little red spots, made when she had sharpened her finger instead of her pencil; and then she opened her lips and—shut them again.

"Well, Miss Sinclair?" began the Professor, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, please!" begged Avis, with scarlet cheeks and trembling lips. "Oh, let me tell you something. Agnes has a cold, an awful cold, and she

can't hear very well. She knows all that review; she did n't understand your question."

"But why did not she tell me so?" was the natural inquiry. Avis looked more scared than ever.

"She was afraid," she whispered; "we—all are—at least —"

"Afraid of me? Oh, nonsense! That is only because I am strange to you, as yet. There, that will do. You are a brave girl, my dear."

And, with a soothing pat on the shoulder, the old man ushered Avis into the long school-room.

When Agnes gave in her marks at night, according to custom, the principal smiled and nodded.

"Your mistake has been explained, Miss Agnes," he said. "You must not let it pass again."

"Oh, Avis! Did *you* tell?" she asked, delightedly, having caught a glimpse of the interview.

"Oh, I *am* so much obliged to you! Don't you want me to teach you how to make feather-braid?"

"Yes, ever so much," said Avis, pleased with herself, as was natural. "May I come over, right after tea, to-night?"

"Oh, not to-night, please," and Agnes blushed uncomfortably. "Would n't some other time —"

"It's of no consequence," said Avis, with a lofty toss of the head. One does n't feel comfortable at having one's invitations slighted, particularly when one invites oneself.

"Oh, please, Avis —"

Agnes tried to make a weak apology, but Avis only shrugged her shoulders and walked away, with a heavier heart than a little girl often carries.

"It's worse and worse, Mamma," she said, after having told her all about Agnes's misfortune and her own temptation. "I asked Nellie if she would come up and do her examples with me to-night, and she said 'No, indeed!' and looked at Letty Davis, and laughed. And to think I should just be told that I was n't wanted over at Mrs. Hoyt's!"

"Why, Avis," said Mrs. Sinclair, laughing, in spite of herself, at the scornful, haughty toss of the head. "I know some one who *does* want you," she added. "You are to go to Aunt Caroline's to tea."

This was nothing very new. Aunt Caroline was old, and alone, and often wanted her small niece to come and drink tea with her. Still, it was a little excitement, and Avis ran away, at five o'clock, with her mother's kiss upon her lips, and her mother's words, "Be home early," in her ears.

At seven o'clock, Avis danced up the front steps, feeling quite happy and contented after the quiet talk with Aunt Caroline, and the weak tea and unlimited toast. "How bright the house looks," she thought, as she threw open the door, and then she paused, amazed, on the threshold.

The parlor was full of girls and boys in holiday attire. The dining-room table was covered with baskets, and Mamma was going upstairs with her arms full of wraps.

"Here she comes, now!" said Letty Davis, as once before in this history, and Nell Bayley fell on Avis's neck, exclaiming: "Oh, you dear old Avis! And you never once suspected, and we've gone and given you a surprise-party!"

THE SAD STORY OF THE CHILLY FAMILY.

BY E. T. CORBETT.

MR. and Mrs. Theophilus Chilly
Went out one day
With their daughter May,
Their son John Thomas, their grandson Willy,
And their old black cook, whom they called
Aunt Dilly.

They went—all six of them—out together;
"We'll have to-morrow a change in the weather—
It's going to snow," said Mrs. Chilly.
"I told you so," grunted old Aunt Dilly.
"Then we'll go out this very day
And buy a new stove—that's what *I* say—
Keep the house warm in spite of the storm"—
Said excellent Mr. Theophilus Chilly.
"Come, wife; come, Dilly; come, grandson Willy;

Go call John Thomas, and hurry May,
I must hear what each one has to say.
This choosing and buying is terribly trying,—
We'll go together, and that's the best way."

So out they went, with this intent.
Plenty of time and money were spent,
Every one had something to say:
"Get a graceful shape," said pretty Miss May;
"Get a stove to roast apples," cried little Willy;
"And to bile the kettle," said old Aunt Dilly;
"It must be very large," added Father and Mother;
"With doors in front!" exclaimed May's brother.
So the stove was bought,
And, when home it was brought,
"It's a perfect beauty!" said each to the other.

Well, the fire was kindled, and how it blazed
 And roared and sparkled! They stood amazed.
 "I—feel—quite—warm!" gasped Mrs. Chilly,
 Looking 'round for a fan.
 "Why, I'm a-meltin'!" cried old Aunt Dilly.
 The others began
 To open the windows, and little Willy
 For ice-water ran.

But the fire grew fiercer—the stove was red.
 "Turn the damper," John Thomas said:
 "Stop the draught, or we'll all be dead!"
 But nobody heard a single word;
 For out of the windows each popped a head—
 Father and Mother, and grandson Willy,
 Pretty Miss May, and old Aunt Dilly;
 And since there was n't a window more
 For poor John Thomas, *he* sat on the floor!

Well, the room grew hotter and hotter. At last,
 When an hour had passed,
 Poor Mr. Chilly drew in his head,
 And thus to his suffering wife he said:
 "We must call the fire-engines—yes, my dear,
 To play on this terrible stove—that's clear.
 So shout, Aunt Dilly, and you, little Willy,
 Help me cry 'FIRE!'" said poor Mr. Chilly.

But when from the windows they all leaned out,
 To summon the engines with scream and shout,

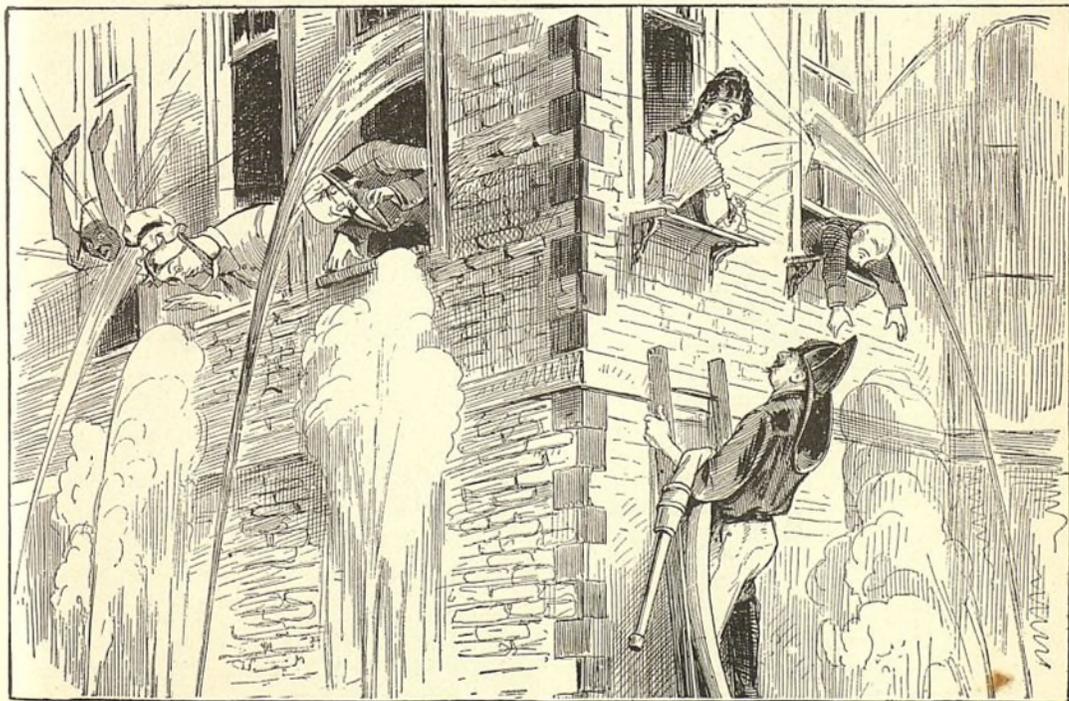
"There 's one of us missing!" exclaimed Mr.
 Chilly,—

"Not wife, not Willy, not May, nor Aunt Dilly,
 Why, who *can* it be? Ah, yes, I see!
 John Thomas is missing,—of course it's *he*."
 And he called out again to the engines, "Play!
 Or my wife and children will melt away!"

So the engines played, as he bade them do,—
 There must have been a dozen or more,—
 On that dreadful stove their streams they threw;
 They soaked John Thomas on the floor,
 They played on Mr. and Mrs. Chilly,
 On pretty May and grandson Willy,—
 They sent a shower over old Aunt Dilly.

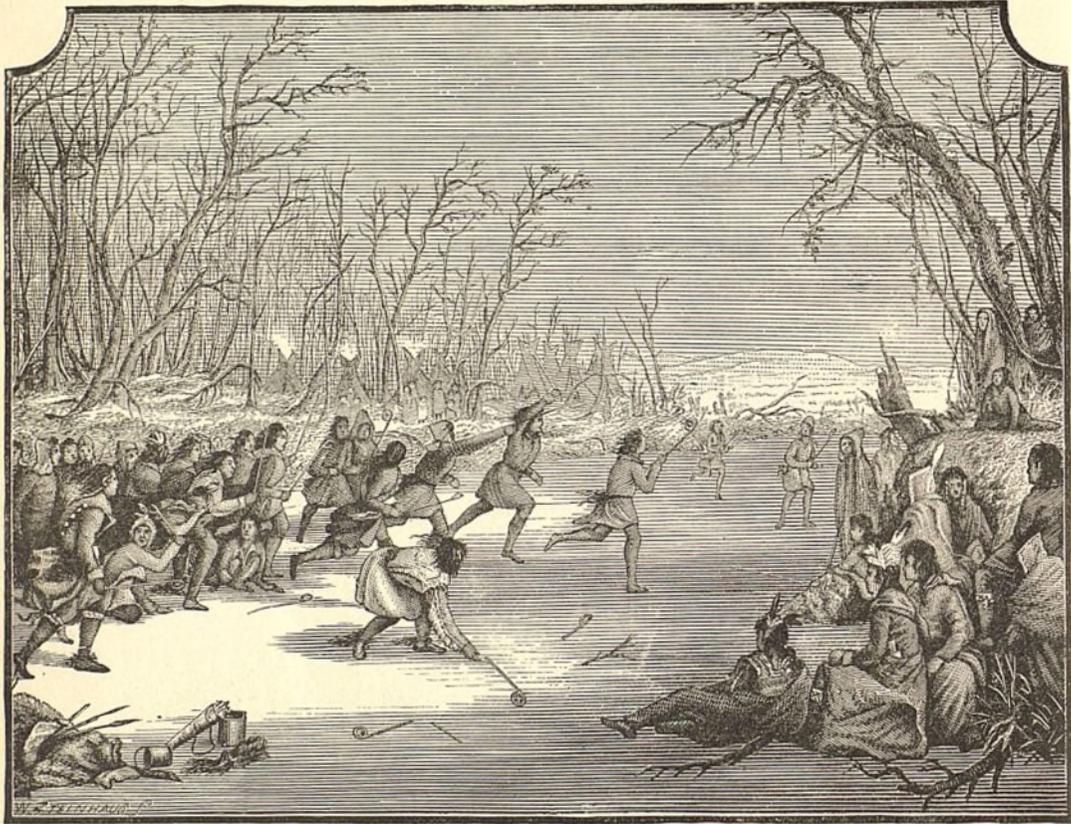
But "Play more!" and "Play faster!" the
 family cried,
 Though they gasped and choked and shivered
 beside.

"Oh, *do* put us out!"
 Mr. Chilly would shout,
 Whenever the engines ceased to spout.
 Not one of them dared to go to their beds,
 But out of the windows they kept their heads;
 And all through the night
 They would shriek in affright:
 "Fire! FIRE! *water!* WATER!" till broad day-
 light.



LACROSSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



AN OLD INDIAN BALL-GAME.

THE Indian of North America is commonly supposed to be a grim and sober creature, who never laughs; a man who at all times conducts himself in a sedate and rather gloomy manner. He is very dignified, and never, never smiles. It is said that, when at home, he is always thinking of going on the war-path, or planning a grand and mighty hunt, or sitting by his wigwam thinking of nothing in particular, which is always a solemn proceeding in anybody.

Now, it is a curious fact that the Indian has been strangely misrepresented. It has been discovered that he really liked a little fun, and could enjoy a game as well as any one. The Chinese fly kites, and the wild Arabs of the desert tell stories. It is thought the ancient Egyptians played jack-stones, and we may be sure the Japanese enjoy many games, as you may learn by look-

ing at their picture-fans. All the civilized nations have games: the English like cricket, we have base-ball, and the people of Holland are supposed to have invented skates, for which they deserve the lasting gratitude of mankind. It is interesting to find that, after all, the Indians have been very badly treated by the historians, and that they, too, had an eye for fun, and even had a game of their own.

When the French first explored the great country to the north, along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, they found the Indians had a wild and exciting game that they played on the grassy intervals along the rivers, or on the ice in winter. Hundreds of Indians would sometimes play at a ball game, like that shown in the above picture. They used a ball of stuffed skin, and a curious bat, looking somewhat like a "hockey," having a

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net of reindeer hide between the handle and the crook of the hockey. The French called the bat a *crosse*, and, naturally enough, the game was soon called "La Crosse." This is fortunate, for the Ojibways called it "Baggataway," and the Iroquois called it "Tekontshikwaheks," and there certainly would be little satisfaction in playing a game with either of these distressing names.

It always is interesting to know where things come from, and explorers, you know, must always look sharply into every new custom and sport they chance to encounter. So, when they first saw Lacrosse played, they of course asked the Indians where they learned the game. But the Indians looked as surprised as Indians can, and solemnly said they did not know. The rules of the game had been sacredly handed down from father to son, and all the tribes had played "Tekontshikwaheks," they said, ever since the world began. They had no printed "book of the rules with an historical preface," and consequently the origin of Lacrosse is lost in obscurity. Like "tag," and jack-stones, and "follow-my-leader," it had been played so very long that it had no history at all.

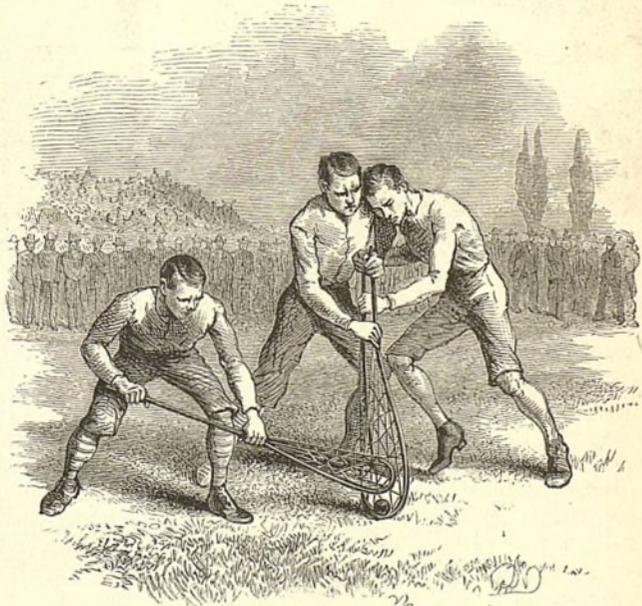
However, this melancholy circumstance makes no difference now. The interesting fact remains that this wild, exciting, and rather rough sport has been tamed and civilized by the Canadians, and Lacrosse is now a capital game for boys. It is now called the national game of the Dominion, and every year it is becoming more and more popular. It is played here in the United States quite often in the summer, and the bats can now be bought in any good toy-shop.

No boy can afford to be ignorant of any of the good games in the world, particularly if they call him out-of-doors, and teach him to be brave, strong, and active. Clearly, it is our duty to learn how Lacrosse is played, and to witness a good game.

Lacrosse is played on a level, grassy field, like a base-ball ground. The things used in the game are a rubber ball, about eight inches in circumference, four light poles or flag-staffs, each about six feet long, and a bat or "crosse" for each player. The field for a boys' game should be about one hundred and thirty yards long, and about forty yards wide. The four poles are in pairs, and should have flags at the top in colors; say, two in blue, and two in white. The two poles of a pair are set up in the ground about six feet apart, the white flags at one end of the field and the blue at the other, the two "colors"

being about one hundred and twenty yards apart. These form the goals, and the players should wear some kind of cap or uniform in the same colors as the goals, say, half the players in white caps or shirts, and half in blue. The poles and flags can be made at home, the bats cost about one dollar each, and any good rubber-sponge ball may be used.

The game is led by two captains selected from all the boys, and, to decide disputes, there may be also two umpires. Each captain, beginning with the eldest, takes turns in selecting his team from all the boys, each choosing twelve, making twenty-six in the game. The two captains do not play, and have no bats; their duty is to start the game, to look after their sides, to watch the ball, and tell their own players what to do. The umpires merely look on from the edge of the field, one near each goal. The senior captain places his men in this order: first one in front of the opposite goal, second one a short distance in advance of him, a third still farther in advance, and a fourth at the center of the field. At the home goal he also places one man, a few yards in advance of the flags. The remaining players are placed at the sides of the third and fourth boys. Then the other captain does the same thing, and the field is filled by the twenty-four players in pairs, except two on each side. Thus, the two



A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE.

sides are distributed over the entire field. The rules of the game say there must be no kicking nor pulling to get at the ball, nor must it be once touched by the hands. All the work is done

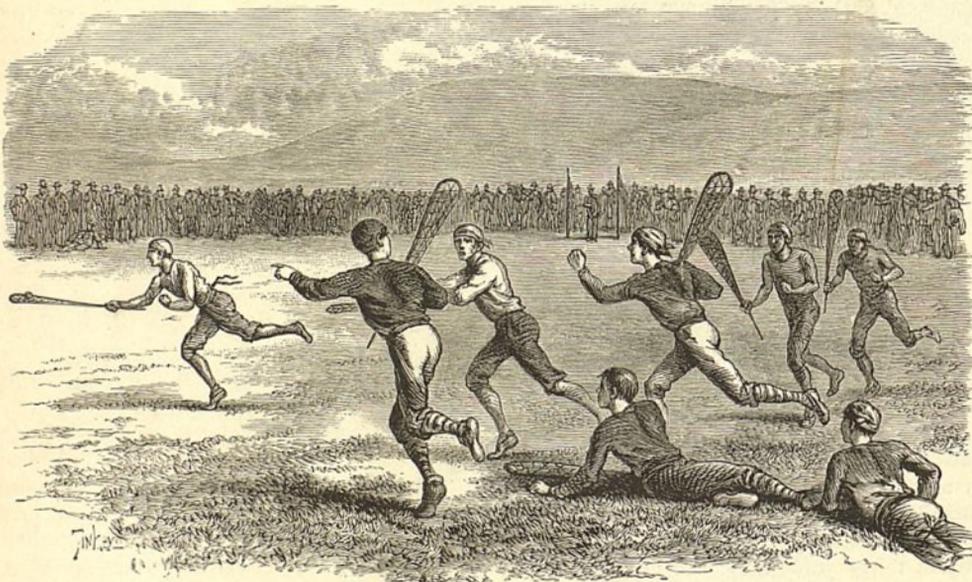
with the bat. The game is to start the ball from the center, and to throw it between the goals, the blues trying to get it past the white flags, and the whites trying to fling it between the blue flags. Each side tries its best to defend its own color, and to get the ball into the enemy's goal. A player may pick the ball up on his crosse, or catch it on the fly, or the rebound, and he may, if he can, run with it on the crosse and throw it into the goal.

Let us see them play. Every one is now ready. Two players, a blue and white, take position at the center, with one knee on the ground, their crosses resting on the grass before them, and the ball lying between the crosses. The other players stand ready and watchful in their places. The senior captain gives the word—"Ready"—"Play!" In an instant there is a lively scrimmage, and the ball goes skimming through the air. The captains call up their men. There is a grand rush for the ball. Down it comes on the bat of a white, but a blue knocks it off, and away it goes. White and blue struggle for it. It darts here and there, round and round, and, with a vigorous knock, a white sends it whizzing through the air toward the blue goal. It falls on the grass, and the players from every side run to catch it. A white reaches the ball first, pulls it toward him with his bat, and sets it rolling. Then, with a quick movement, he shifts the bat in front of it, and it gently rolls into

them in the picture. The fellow ahead holds the crosse steady before him, with the ball resting on it, and the others in a jolly rout are after him, blues and whites together. Two are down and out of the race. Never mind. Their turn will come soon. Now a fast race after the swift runner, who keeps his bat before him with the ball resting on it. A blue comes up from the side and tries to strike his bat and knock the ball away. A quick jump aside,—and the runner dodges the blow. Others gather in front to head him off. He turns this way and that like a deer. Down they go on the soft grass. Quick as lightning he turns around, darts the other way, and runs on in a wide circle, still aiming for the blue goal. Ah! they are after him again, blues and whites all together, and the captains yelling like mad. Hurrah! They gather around him, dodging and jumping from side to side, friend and foe together; the swift runner is nearly lost, but he turns around, and with a clever movement throws the ball straight ahead. The blue goal-keeper tries to stop it, but it flies between the flags. The game is won for the whites in just two minutes and four seconds.

Whew! This is lively work. Score one for the whites. Who ever saw such running, such jolly fun, before? If it's all like this, a boy may learn to run like a deer and leap like an antelope.

Once more the ball is placed in the center, and the game is started. Round and round, backward



"THE WHOLE FIELD IS AFTER HIM."

the netting. Away he darts on the full run for the blue goal. The captains shout, and the whole field run after him as fast as they can go. Those in front try to head him off. This is fun! Look at

and forward, now here, now there, skimming along the ground, first on one side, then on another, flying high overhead and bounding along the grass, the ball is hotly pursued by blues and whites,

pell-mell. The captains run and shout, driving on the players, or calling to the rescue as the ball comes dangerously near home. The players keep their places as nearly as they can, but all are watchful, and run for the ball when it comes near the

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so badly that it would cost a considerable sum to put it in good order again.

First, take a piece of thin, tough paper (such as

of the top fold, but not to run over it. Turn the paper about, and stitch back in another direction, as indicated in Fig. 1. Take out the paper and open

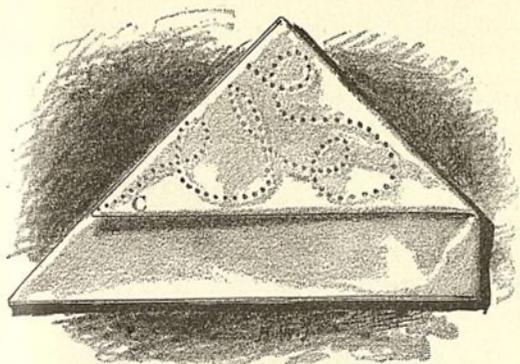


FIG. 1.

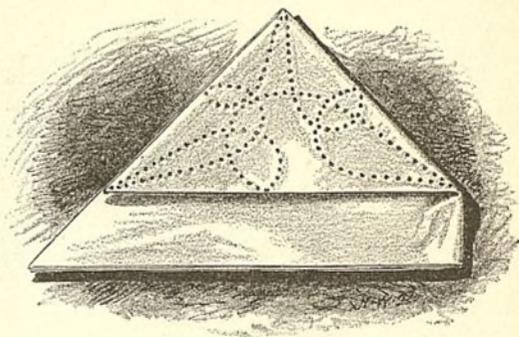


FIG. 2.

shoes are wrapped in) about a foot square, and fold the two opposite corners together, making a triangle; then fold again with the two long corners together.

it, and you will have something that will pay you for your trouble. Or, if you will commence at the center point and run around, forming each line into

Be sure that the folded edges are even each time you double it. Then fold again so that the four corners are together, making a neat little right-angled triangle. Now fold once more so that the center of the paper is about three-fourths of an inch from the corner. Now remove the thread and shuttle from the machine, take a rather small needle, and sew, or rather punch

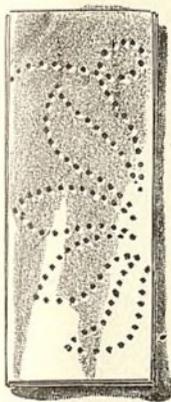


FIG. 4.

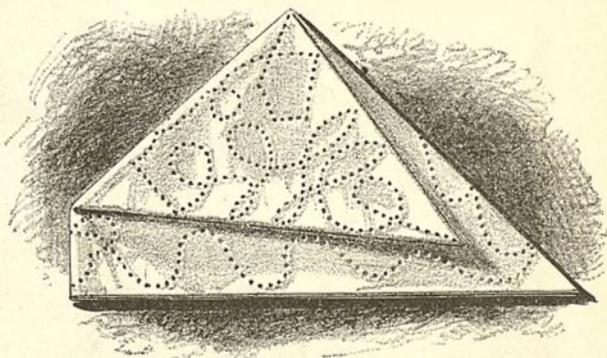


FIG. 3.

point marked C in Fig. 1), as crooked a line as you can sew, allowing the stitches to come to the edge

an irregular curve, as in Fig. 2, your pattern will be a thing of beauty when unfolded, like that shown at

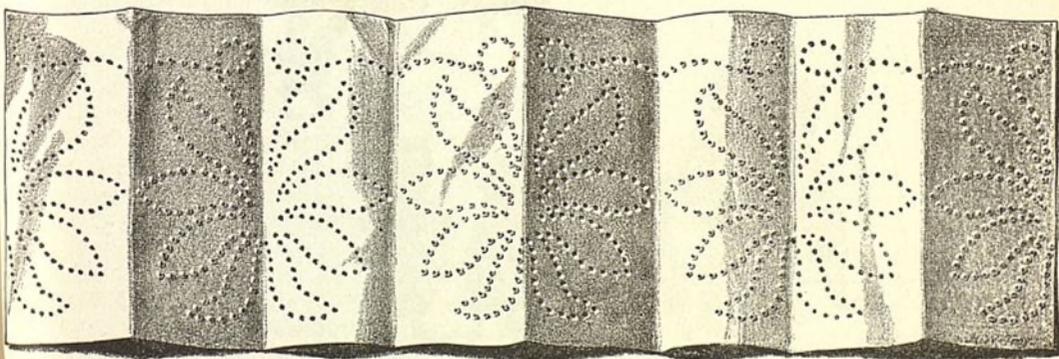
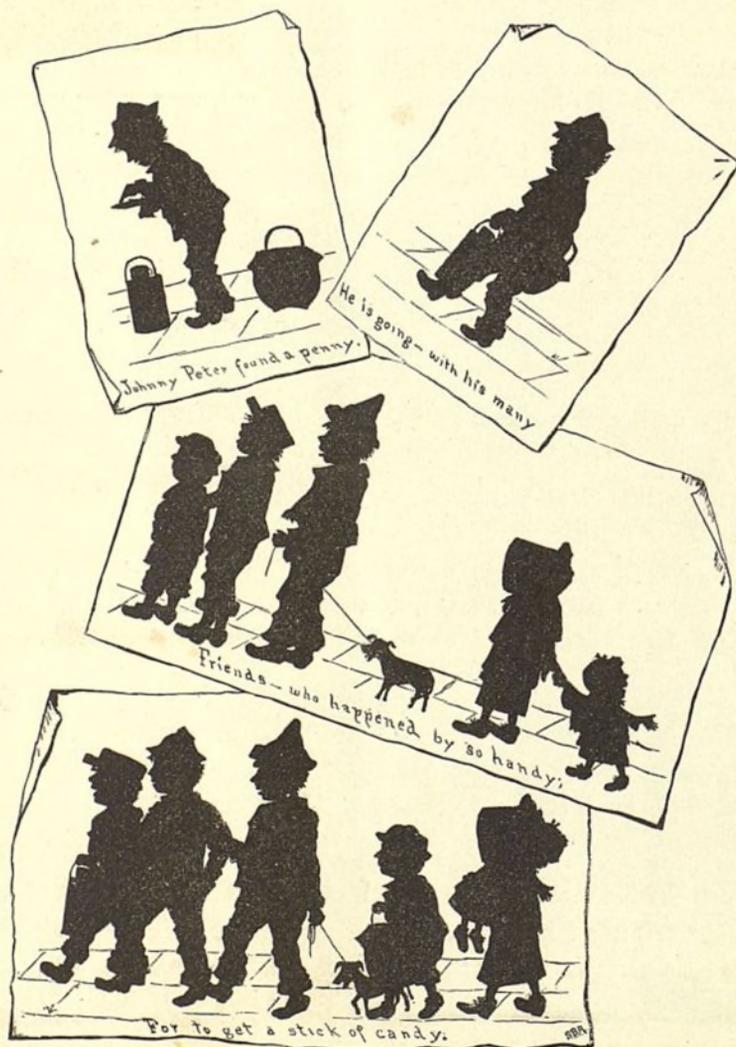


FIG. 5.—CONTINUOUS BRAID PATTERN.

the head of this article. Fig. 3 shows still another way of folding the paper and running the stitches, which also makes a pattern.

To make a braid pattern, take a strip of tough paper about two feet long and three or four inches wide, fold it in the center with the two ends together, then fold the ends back to the center; fold again and again, each time back to the center, until the paper is about one inch and a half wide, as shown in Fig. 4, or sixteen thicknesses, as in the

other form of pattern. Then run a line of holes across, as crooked as you can, beginning at one side near the end and running off the other side near the other end (Fig. 4). This will give you a continuous braid pattern (Fig. 5), which can be worked without cutting or crossing the braid. You can use this as a stencil, by placing it on the goods to be worked and powdering common bluing through the holes. The bluing will leave plain marks, showing how to arrange the braid.



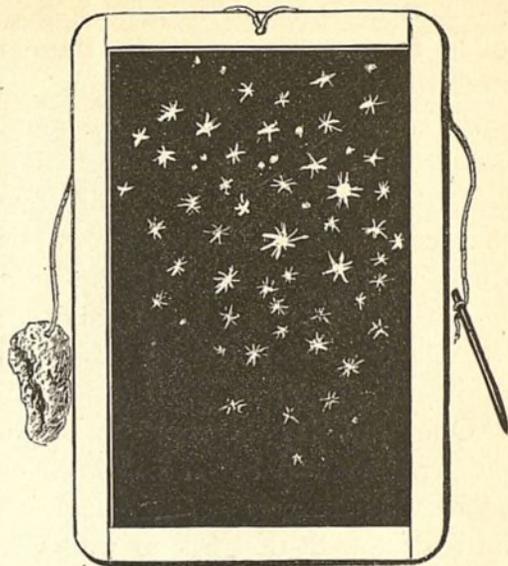
HOW ROB COUNTED THE STARS.

OTH-ER lit-tle boys have count-ed the stars, but let me tell you how lit-tle Rob count-ed them. Rob was then just four years old.

It was a warm sum-mer night. Mam-ma had put Rob in-to bed, and aft-er kiss-ing him sev-er-al times, had left him a-lone to fall a-sleep. The stars came out, one by one, till the win-dow was full of the lit-tle bright twink-lers, and the tired lit-tle boy lay won-der-ing at their

bright-ness, and count-ing them on his fin-gers and toes; but pret-ty soon ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger and toe was "used up," and Rob had many stars left in the win-dow and no-where to put them. "If I only had a lit-tle sis-ter," he said, "I could use her fin-gers." And there he lay, with his arms stretched up-ward and a star on ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger-tip. As soon as the thought came in-to his head, he popped out of the bed, and in an in-stant more was mak-ing a map of the lit-tle piece of sky which he saw, by put-ting a mark for ev-er-y star up-on his slate. But soon he grew dream-y, his pen-cil moved slow-er, and the stars grew dim-mer up-on his slate un-till they ceased to shine there, and lit-tle Rob was fast a-sleep.

The next morn-ing, Rob's mam-ma found the slate ly-ing by his side, cov-ered with queer lit-tle marks, but mam-ma did n't know what they were till Rob said they were stars, and she could count them.



A BED IN THE SNOW.

RO-SA and Hil-da were two lit-tle girls who lived on the edge of a great for-est. Their par-ents were very poor, and the two chil-dren some-times had to go out in-to the woods to pick up dry sticks for the kitch-en fire. In the sum-mer they liked to do this; for it was very pleas-ant to wan-der a-bout un-der the great trees, and o-ver the green

and soft moss which in some places near-ly cov-ered the ground. They found a great ma-ny things there be-sides dry sticks, and their moth-er used to think, some-times, that they staid too long a-mong the wild flow-ers and the moss, while she was wait-ing for wood.

But in win-ter, the chil-dren did not like the for-est. The trees were bare, the pret-ty moss was all cov-ered with snow, and the cold winds blew cold-er there, they thought, than any-where else. But the kitch-en fire need-ed wood more in the win-ter than in the sum-mer, for it was the on-ly fire in the house, and so Ro-sa and Hil-da ran in-to the for-est near-ly ev-er-y day, and brought back as ma-ny dry sticks and twigs as they could car-ry.

One day, Hil-da thought she would take her bas-ket with her, to gath-er some red ber-ries that she had seen the last time she was in the woods. There was a good deal of snow on the ground, and it was ver-y hard for the lit-tle girls to walk; while Max, their dog, who came with them, sank so deep in-to the snow, at ev-er-y step, that, at last, he grew tired, and lay down by a big tree. He thought he would wait there un-til the chil-dren should be go-ing home.

Hil-da said she would go and look for the ber-ries, and when she had found them, she would come back and help pick up sticks. So Ro-sa be-gan to gath-er up what dead wood she could find stick-ing out of the snow, and Hil-da walked as fast as she could to find her red ber-ries.

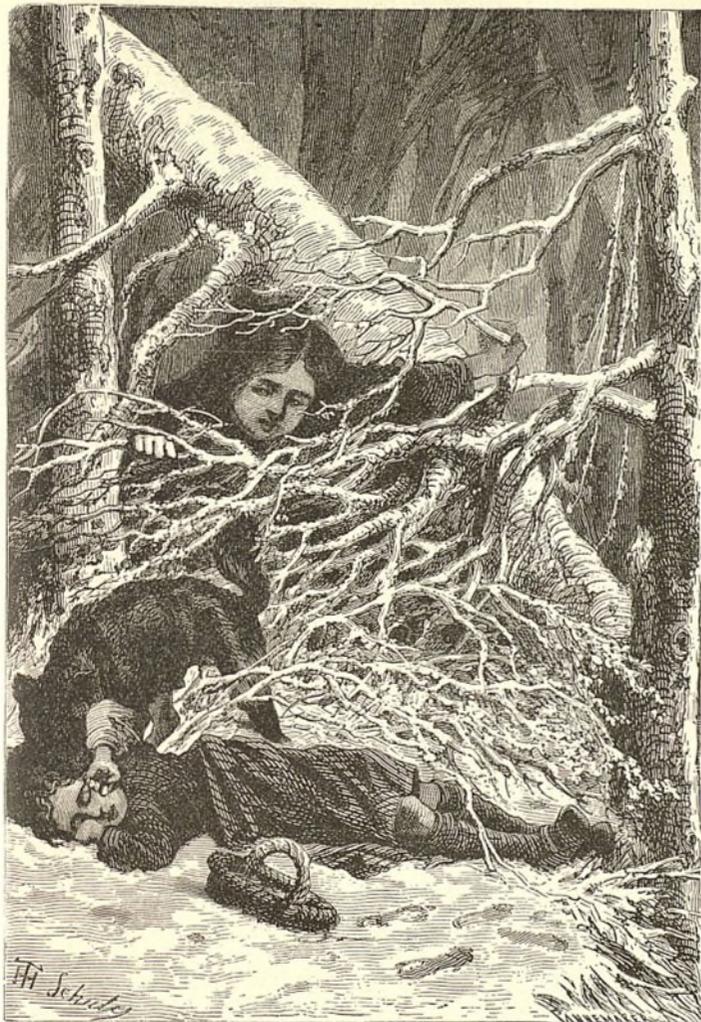
She thought she knew just where they were, but al-though she walked very far, she could not see them any-where. At last, she be-gan to feel ver-y cold and tired and sleep-y, and she thought she would like to lie right down on the ground and take a nap. She did not know that when peo-ple lie down on the snow to sleep they very often freeze to death.

Aft-er a while, she start-ed to go back to Ro-sa, but she did not walk ver-y far be-fore she tripped o-ver the branch-es of a fall-en tree, and when she felt her-self ly-ing on the snow, she thought she would just stay there and take a lit-tle bit of a nap. It would rest her so much. So she went fast a-sleep.

Be-fore long, Ro-sa be-gan to won-der where her sis-ter had gone, and then she went to look for her. At first, she could see Hil-da's foot-steps in the snow, but soon she came to a high, bare place, where the wind had blown the snow a-way, and there she could see no foot-steps. So she ran back and called "Max! Max!"

The lit-tle dog was still un-der the tree, but when he heard Ro-sa

calling him, he knew that some-thing was the mat-ter, and he ran to her as fast as he could go. When he saw that she was a-lone, he be-



gan to run a-bout, to look for Hil-da, for he al-ways saw the two lit-tle girls very near each oth-er. He sniffed a-round, and then he turned to the right and be-gan to run. He knew she had gone that way. He could smell her shoes. Ro-sa ran aft-er him, and she soon saw Hil-da's foot-prints in the snow. She could not keep up with Max, but she could see which way he went.

Ver-y soon, she came to a fall-en tree, and push-ing a-side the branch-es, there she saw her poor lit-tle sis-ter, ly-ing on the snow, with Max lick-ing her face. Ro-sa thought she was dead, but rush-ing to her side, she took her in her arms and found that

she still breathed. Then Ro-sa raised Hil-da to her feet, and hugged and kissed her un-til she woke her up, while Max barked for joy. When Hil-da had o-pened her eyes, and could stand up by her-self, Ro-sa took her by the arm and hur-ried home, Max run-ning a-long in front.

As soon as their moth-er saw them com-ing, she ran to meet them, and when she heard how lit-tle Hil-da had been in dan-ger of freez-ing to death in the for-est, she said that her chil-dren should nev-er go there a-gain when there was a deep snow.

And you may be sure that aft-er that day, Ro-sa and Hil-da, and their fa-ther and moth-er, thought a great deal of that lit-tle dog Max.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHEN Jack wakes in the morning,
 In these sweet autumn days,
 He sees the sumac burning
 And the maples in a blaze,
 And he rubs his eyes, bewildered,
 All in the golden haze.
 Then: "No. They still are standing;
 They 're not on fire at all"—
 He softly says, when slowly
 He sees some crimson fall,
 And yellow flakes come floating
 Down from the oaks so tall.
 And then he knows the spirit
 Of the sunset must have planned
 The myriad bright surprises
 That deck the dying land,—
 And he wonders if the sumac
 And the maples understand.

THE GYPSY INSECT.

Now, here is a strange Chinese story; and you shall have it just as it came to me; it is about a little insect called a Sphex, which steals baby mosquitoes, spiders, and flies, from the mothers; just as, in the olden time, gypsies stole human children.

In China, the people have a legend that the mother-sphex never has any children altogether her very own, but steals the babies of other mother-insects. Then, boring holes in certain kinds of wood, she places the infant prisoners in them, and covers them up with the soft borings of the wood. She leaves a small opening through which she can watch the tiny baby, and then hovers over it, day after day, singing, "Little sphex! Little sphex! Little sphex!" until the little thing, always hearing itself called a sphex, grows to be one, and at last comes forth, a real, true sphex, and becomes the child of its foster-mother. On account of this legend, adopted children, in China, are called sphex-children.

However, the truth has been found out at last, and although it is not quite so pretty as the story, it is more motherly; here it is:

The real sphex-mother is a dark, bluish insect, of about the size of a common wasp. She lays a great many eggs; but only one in any one nest, which she bores in wood. She does, indeed, steal other insects; but they are to be the food of the tiny egg when it has become a little whitish worm, which feeds on the spiders, flies, and mosquitoes that its mother has stored for it. At length, the worm leaves off eating, and weaves for itself a silken wrapping, and, after days of sleep, awakes, to find itself a perfect sphex, with legs and wings, and comes forth to float in the bright sunshine.

One day, a certain traveler, then living in China, saw a sphex hovering over a hole in the wood of his book-case. Out of this hole he took a sphex-worm, and the remains of thirty-four spiders. Also, in the wood of a chair and table, in the same room, he found other sphex-babies. All of these he discovered by the sphex-mother flying about the holes and making that peculiar noise sounding like the words, "Little sphex! Little sphex!"

NEEDLES AND THREAD THAT GROW.

THE natives of Mexico and of some parts of South America have no trouble whatever about sewing-tools; their needles grow, ready threaded, and I'm told that anybody who wishes to use needles and thread just walks up to the plant and takes them.

The needle is a slender thorn that grows at the end of the leaf of the maguey tree, and the thread is a fiber which is attached to the thorn. It is easy to pluck the thorn and draw it out with its fiber, and the two perfectly answer the purpose of ordinary needles and thread, considering the kinds of cloth and costume used in the tropical countries where they are found.

MONKEY TORCH-BEARERS.

YOUR Jack has just heard of some monkeys who were educated, not to beg pennies nor to make bows, but to do something really useful. They lived in the Jimma country, which lies south of Abyssinia, and they held the torches at grand suppers, seated in rows on high benches around the banquet room. There they silently waited, holding up the lights, until the feasters had finished; and then the monkeys came in for a share of the good things. Sometimes, one of them would become impatient for his supper, and throw his flaming light among the guests, as if to make them hurry; but, as a rule, these monkey torch-bearers behaved well.

CRADLED IN A LEAF.

IT is not an insect nor a bird that I mean, but a human baby, cradled in a single leaf. The leaf is a big one, to be sure, being five or six feet across, and having a rim three inches high all around its edge.

It is the leaf of the *Victoria Regia*, a gigantic water-lily found only in the warmest parts of South America. Each plant has a number of these huge pads, which rest upon the top of the water. A big bird can stand on one of them without sinking, and, sometimes, when a mother is gathering the seeds of the plant, which are used for food, she will lay her baby asleep on one of the leaves, where it is perfectly safe until she is ready to take it up.

What nice cool cradles these lily-pads must make, in that hot country!

CURRENTS GROWING IN A LOCUST-TREE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Mother says, your May picture of a tree growing high in the air upon an older tree reminds her that, when she was a child, she could see from her window a white-currant bush growing and bearing fruit far up in the branches of a locust tree. Some bird had dropped a seed there years before, and when the currants were ripe, the pretty winged things came and feasted on them, chattering away at a great rate, and no doubt feeling safe from stones up among the leaves.—Yours truly,
 KATE H.

FOUR-HANDED NUT-GATHERERS.

"GOOD LUCK to you!" said the rosy Little School-ma'am, one Friday, smiling at a group of boys and girls from the Red School-house, as they

were planning to go on a nutting frolic the next day. "Take care of yourselves, and don't hurt the trees, for the poor things cannot defend themselves, and have no four-handed friends to help them, like some other trees I know of."

Then the children crowded about her to hear more, and she told them of the graceful Brazilian trees from which come the queer, three-sided, hard-shelled nuts called Brazil-nuts. These grow packed many together, the sharp edge inward, almost like the parts of an orange, and each cluster is covered with a hard, woody shell, making a ball half as large as a man's head.

If monkeys happen to be in a Brazil-nut tree, and you throw something up to knock down the fruit, those four-handed little fellows will defend the tree in a very lively fashion, by pelting you with the hard, heavy globes, so that you will be glad to get out of the way. Knowing this habit of the monkeys, the Indians save themselves the trouble of climbing the trees when they wish to gather the fruit. In the nut-harvest time, they just provoke the monkeys to throw down the nuts, and, when the shower is over, all they have to do is to carry the prizes quietly to their boats and drift with them down the Orinoco river to market.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

YOUR Jack has been informed that Yellowstone Lake and the land round about it have been set apart as a "National Park." This is as it should be, for the place, they say, is full of strange and beautiful sights—hot-water springs side by side with ice-cold streams; geysers, or spouting fountains of hot water, of mud, and of steam; grand water-falls, one of them more than three hundred feet high; gloomy chasms and cañons; dreadful rocks; roaring torrents; snow-covered mountains; and a wide and peaceful lake.

But one of the most striking of the wonders of this strange region is the glass mountain, a tall cliff of black and dark-crimson rock, in bands or layers. Through the points and jutting corners of the rock the sun shines, but the face of the cliff has only a gloss in the light, and does not gleam like ordinary glass. The rock is a sort of cousin of that from which the Indians used to chip their hatchets; and when you hold a thin piece up before the eye, the light passes through. It is called "banded obsidian," and, at one time, it lay molten inside the earth, but, ages ago, it was poured out, and cooled in its present form. In the picture, the Glass Mountain is at the right, jutting into the valley.

Spread out before the cliff lie the head-waters

of a river, which the beavers dammed up so as to form a lake, now known as "Beaver Lake."

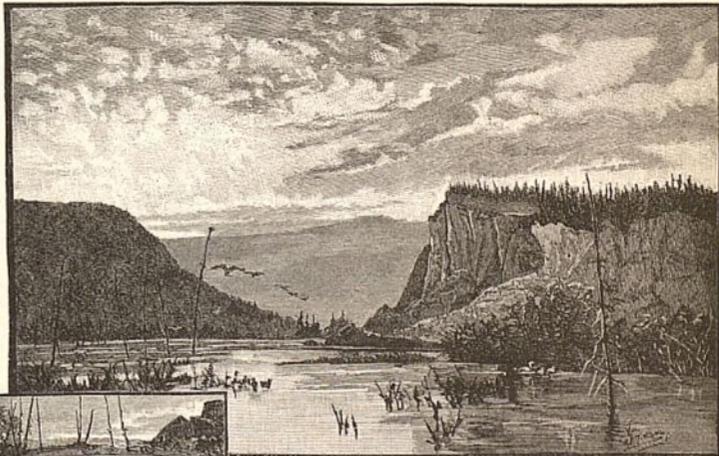
The small picture shows a geyser-basin from which the water no longer spouts. It seems to be nothing but a round hole full of warm water when you are close by, but from the top of a neighboring rock, it appears to be a fairy grotto, indescribably beautiful, with green and silvery lights, deep shadows, and brightly glistening sides.

NATURAL BEADS.

If you were natives of Central Africa, my dears, where beads are money, how glad you would be to learn that there are in the world great hills formed of beads, produced by natural causes!

One of these hills, not very far from Buenos Ayres, South America, is made of little round stones of various colors, each stone with a small round hole through it. Now, how did it get there?

There are natural beads in Africa, also, on the south-eastern coast, but they are less beautiful, being but dull red or white quartz crystals with smooth edges. They are about a third of an inch



THE GLASS MOUNTAIN AND BEAVER LAKE.



OLD GEYSER-BASIN.

across and an inch and a half long, and each has a bore or hole along its entire length, through which a coarse thread can be passed.

Would n't some of you be glad to take a stroll on these heaps of beads! But then, the colors and shapes are not nearly as pretty, nor as many, as those of the beads which you girls buy and string into necklets and other dainty ornaments.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

DEACON GREEN sends to you all, and especially to you New England youngsters, his hearty wishes that you may enjoy Thanksgiving Day. He says:

"Most of you will wish to wind up the merry holiday wisely, and one way would be to let the smaller ones form a line, just before you trot off to bed, and all sing some little Thanksgiving song.

"Of course, the plan will be kept a secret until the time to sing, both by yourselves and by any older persons who may help you."

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR BOUND VOLUMES.

THE addition of sixteen pages to each number of ST. NICHOLAS, which began with the volume just closed, and which is to be permanently kept up, makes a bound volume of twelve numbers too unwieldy to handle. Therefore, the yearly numbers of Vol. VII., and its successors, are to be bound in two parts, each complete in itself—as a book—but being only *half a volume*. Thus, two bound books are required for a complete volume. Vol. VII., in two parts, contains a great deal more matter than any volume of ST. NICHOLAS ever issued, and yet it can be handled in this divided shape much more readily, and with less injury to the binding, than could the bulkier volumes.

Remember this, boys and girls: If you miss the former thickness of each volume of ST. NICHOLAS, you have instead a really larger volume now, but one that is divided into two books, which two readers may enjoy separately at the same time.

C. W. F. AND OTHERS.—The story of "The Crow-Child," which you asked for, and which the Editor told many years ago, is reprinted in the present number.

WE take pleasure in calling the especial attention of our readers to Mr. Ballard's interesting paper on the Agassiz Association, begun on page 28 of the present number. We cordially indorse the project of having a ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Association, and trust that it may grow and thrive under Mr. Ballard's good management and hearty sympathy. All letters on the subject should be sent directly to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., and not to the office of ST. NICHOLAS. That gentleman will attend personally to all such correspondence, though he frequently may address the ST. NICHOLAS branch through the pages of this magazine. The names of all boys and girls who join the ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association before January 1st, shall, if possible, be printed in our Letter-Box.

The following extract from Mr. Ballard's letter explains itself:

"Professor Alexander Agassiz" has read the inclosed MSS., and writes that he cordially assents that this very pleasant and useful plan for children be called the Agassiz Association, and that we have his 'hearty good wishes' for its success."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS how to make a panorama. Nothing is needed except a box, either pasteboard or wood, and for the rollers take an old broom-handle. Cut it to fit the width of the box; then take a tack or small nail and drive it through the under part of the box into the bottom part of the roller. Put a crank on the top of each roller; then join the pictures neatly together with flour-paste, being very careful to keep them in a straight row, so that they will roll around the rollers straight; cut an opening in the back of the box large enough to admit a candle. Now all is finished; take it into a dark room, with the candle lighted, turn the crank, and your panorama moves along. Without any expense, and with very little trouble, it affords the maker much amusement. Any boy or girl can make one.—Yours truly,

FRANK J. GUTZWILLER.

WILL Miss Ella S. Cummins please send her full address to the Editor? The article will appear in an early number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is an idea in aid of those who wish to give home-made Christmas presents.

You must know that one summer we planted gourd-vines, just as you advised in the last August "Letter-Box," and early in the following November, we had a wonderful lot of oddly shaped, rattling things to work into pretty gifts.

One kind was like a flattened globe; these we made into work-baskets, card-receivers, and bowls to arrange flowers in. For the first of these, a round piece was cut out of the top, as a lid. The lining was of gold-colored silk, while the outside was painted black,

with a twining wreath of nasturtiums. One globe, painted dark green, held a small china bowl for cut flowers.

The "bottle-gourds" we painted black, with dull red figures, to imitate antique vases. There was a difficulty in matching pairs; but even genuine vases are not always mates.

The little egg-gourds, frequently used as nest-eggs, we cut in two, painted blue and white, mounted on feet of twisted wire, and used as jewel stands.

One of the "pears" we turned to an inkstand, the inside thoroughly sand-papered and painted. The upper part was cut off, and served as a lid, and a narrow ribbon, tied through two holes at the back, became a "hinge." Inside, we set a flat glass bottle, with a stopper.

There were many other shapes, but I need not tell what we did with them, for anybody, with a little ingenuity and a few oil-colors, may turn them to account in a thousand pretty and curious ways.—Yours truly,

E. A. E.

EMILY T.—The word "quandary" means "a state of doubt or perplexity," and it is said to be derived from the French phrase "Qu'en dirai-je?" which means, "What shall I say of it?"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two boys were sitting on their door-step, with their slates and pencils before them. One said to the other:

"Two from one leaves one, does n't it?"

"Yes," replied the other.

A gentleman passing heard them, and said:

"Boys, if you prove to me that two from one leaves one, I will give you each a sixpence."

So the boys took the gentleman into the house, where the cat was washing her two babies; each boy took a kitten away, and said:

"Two from one leaves one."—Your constant reader,

C. N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a way to make good baskets at home, and pretty and cheap, too, out of corn-husks,—thick outer husks for strong baskets, and for lighter and finer ones the white inner parts. These must be wrapped for an hour or so in a damp towel, and then cut into strips of equal width. Make an ordinary braid with six or more strips, which may be doubled, or even trebled, for greater strength. Thread a needle with heavy, waxed linen thread, and having dampened the braid, form it in an oval, five or six inches long and three wide, for the bottom of the basket, and sew the adjoining edges of the braid together, as in a straw hat, but don't overlap them. Go on coiling and stitching for the sides of the basket, widening the opening, until the basket is deep enough.

The handles are made of a heavy three-stranded braid, which is sewed all around the top of the basket, just inside, and looped up at the middle of each side.

For ornament, wind the handles with scarlet or blue braid, put a box-plaiting of it around the top, and work a bunch of flowers on one side in gay worsteds, with long stitches. The opposite side may have a letter or a name.—Yours truly,

EDITH.

POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTOR.—It is not known for a certainty what is the number of different kinds of postage-stamps issued all over the world, but the London *Times* lately estimated it at six thousand. However, a certain English firm lately wrote to another London paper: "We are at this moment negotiating the purchase of a collection of nine thousand, all different; and, in 1877, we gave £800 for a collection of seventeen thousand varieties. This very day, a collection of twenty thousand, all different, has been offered to us."

E. M. B. SENDS this French story put into English:

Cardinal Dubois, a very hot-tempered man, was in the habit of eating a chicken-wing every evening. One day, when it was time to serve the chicken, a dog carried it away.

The servants put another chicken on the spit; but the Cardinal ordered dinner immediately. The unprincipled butler, foreseeing how angry his master would be if told what had happened, or if he had to wait beyond the usual hour, determined to play a part. Addressing the Cardinal, he said: "Monseigneur, you have dined."

"I have dined!" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"Certainly, monseigneur. It is true that you ate little; you ap-

*The son of Professor Louis Agassiz, and now a professor in Harvard University.

peared much taken up with your affairs. If you like, we can serve another chicken. It would not take long to prepare."

Dr. Chirac, a physician, who saw Dubois every evening, arrived at this moment; the servants detained him, and begged him to help their plan.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the Cardinal, when the doctor entered the room, "my servants wish to persuade me that I have dined. I have not the least remembrance of it, and besides, I am very hungry."

"So much the better," said the doctor. "The first piece has only sharpened your appetite; eat again, but not much. Then, turning to the servants, he said: "Wait upon your master."

The Cardinal considered Chirac's advice that he should have two dinners as an evident mark of his own improved health, and believed firmly that he had already made a repast. This put him in the best of humors.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POST OAK STREET SCHOOL asked in the August "Letter-Box" for the names of leafless plants, and of leafless South American Creepers. George Stimson Burdick, of Massachusetts, and Frank Boyd, New York, name as a leafless plant the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, described in the "Letter-Box" for May and September, 1879. Florence E. Keep, New Jersey, and John M. Howells, Massachusetts, mention the Flax Dodder, *Cuscuta Epilinum*, *Convolvulacea*, described by Gray. E. M. W. S., New York, names the Cactus, and adds that in South America there are two leafless creeping plants, the *Cereus Serpentinus* and the *Cereus Fingelliformis*. Rosa Cooper, Missouri, says: "I saw on the trees near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a leafless vine called there the 'love-vine.' It is of a reddish color and the light shines through it. If you break off a piece, and throw it upon a tree or bush, it will grow." And E. M. Van Cleve, Ohio, writes: "Here we have a plant with leafless, cream-colored stalk, four or five inches high, bearing yellow, bell-shaped blossoms. I do not know the name."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here in Memphis we have a beautiful park; but that is not strange for a fine city. In the park, though, we have—what do you think? "Sparrows," you will guess, of course. Well, we have birds, but we have what we think more of—squirrels! They are very tame, and it is fun to feed them, and watch them scamper up the tree-trunks and along the branches.

The boys do not try to catch and plague them, but act just the contrary way. Boys are apt to act contrary; at least, some boys are, are n't they?—to their sisters, I mean. But they have taken the frisky little chaps under their protection; and if a strange fellow should misbehave toward a squirrel, I am afraid the guardians might not treat him as gently as they treat their pets.

One of my girl-cousins writes from New York that she and her friends sometimes skate with their parlor skates on the asphaltum walks of Washington Square, which she calls "a pretty park"; but there are no squirrels there, she says.—Your loving reader,

RITA W.

S. P., TORONTO.—The following answer to your inquiry as to the origin of the "Union Jack" is given on the authority of the *Anti-quary*, an English journal:

Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, the flag carried by English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George, and the Scottish flag was blue, with the cross of St. Andrew, the red lines of the first being at right angles to each other and to the edges of the flag, while those of the second were diagonal. Some trouble arose about the flags among the ship-captains of the two countries, soon after James I. became king; and so, to prevent this in future, and to teach his people that they now formed one nation, he ordained a new flag,—the "Union Jack,"—with the cross of St. George overlying that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry it at the mainmast-head, but the English ships were to display also the St. George's red cross at the stern, and the Scottish that of St. Andrew in the same place. On the 12th of April, 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea; but it was not until the parliamentary union of the two countries, in 1707, that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain. Both army and navy now use it as the national banner.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa once told me about a Chinese idol, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear, too.

Once, when Papa was in China, he wanted to buy an idol to keep as a curiosity. At first, the Chinese were unwilling to part with one;

but as he was going away, they ran after him, and told him they would sell one out of the temple to him, if he would give them a dollar for it. He bought it, and took it to his lodgings.

A few days later, some one was sick in the house, and the Chinese said it was because the idol was angry for being taken out of the temple, and they wanted to know if they might take it away and make a feast for it. Papa let them; and they offered to the idol a great many delicacies; and then they brought it back and said they thought he was satisfied. Three times some one was sick in the house, and each time they took the idol away and feasted it.

At last, one morning, when the family came down-stairs, they looked around for the idol, and it had disappeared. They never heard of it any more, but Papa thinks that the Chinese took it back to the temple.

My uncle once had a dog who was quite savage. One day he went out, leaving the dog behind him, in the room where all the clerks were sitting. As soon as the dog found that my uncle had gone out, he went and lay down near the door, and when any of the clerks attempted to get up, he would run and give him a bite. On my uncle's return, he found all the clerks just as he had left them.—Your most interested reader,

A. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although there is no resemblance between the two, the behavior of the rhinoceros, as described in Mr. Ingersoll's October article on "Man-Eaters," reminds me of the similarly bad habit of the Texan cattle, which range wild over our south-western plains.

They are accustomed to see men on horseback, and rarely fail to submit to their driving, but a man on foot is at once made the object of attack. No matter how far away the herd of cattle may be, some of the bulls, which are always on the lookout, will spy a man, and rush at him with their heads down and tails up. There is only one way for him to avoid them and save his life, and that is to throw himself flat upon the ground and remain perfectly quiet. They will come tearing up to him, and perhaps leap over his prostrate body, bellow and prance about him, kicking up clouds of dust; will even come and smell his clothes, pouring their hot breath into his face; but so long as he remains quiet, they will not touch him. They suppose him dead, and though perhaps a little mystified by his sudden decease, are satisfied that he is disposed of, and soon go away.

This description is true, also, of the Australian wild cattle, and I suppose the same tactics would insure safety against the angry steer that gets "on the rampage" occasionally, when somebody is crossing a pasture. The next time any "Letter-Box" reader is in this predicament, let him try the Texas plan, and write to me the result.—Truly yours,

"VAQUERO."

"FLYING-FISH."—Your namesakes, the Flying-Fish, so called, are said by some observers not to fly but to sail. However, the latest writers on the subject say that these fish flap their pectoral fins very fast, like wings, during the first third of their flight, but skim or sail for the remainder. They swim in shoals, and often numbers of them leave the water at the same time. They rise from the surface to a height of twelve or even eighteen feet, and their journey through the air is about two hundred yards in length. They fly sometimes, as it seems, from pure delight in flying, but they often are compelled to leave their native element to avoid being swallowed up. When the dolphin takes his great leaps out of the water after them, they let themselves drop suddenly, and rise in a different direction; but they frequently fall victims to the leaping giant.

The South Sea Islanders go out with torches at night, in their canoes, along the coral reefs, and catch these pretty fish in nets attached to poles. They abound in all the warm seas of the globe, and are sometimes seen in the temperate zones.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read about an old British game, which may suit American boys in cold weather. It is called "Quintain."

Drive a stake into the ground so that five or six feet of it will stand out. Cut the top of the stake into a pivot with a wide shoulder. The pivot is to fit loosely into a round hole in the middle of a light beam of wood about six feet long. This beam swings around easily, the shoulder preventing it from slipping down and jamming. At one end of the beam, fix a small flat board, in an upright position; this is the quintain, and is the mark to be aimed at. At the other end of the beam, hang with a stout cord a good-sized bag, stuffed with corn-husks, shavings, or waste-paper.

The players carry long sticks, and these they use as lances, running their fastest, and aiming to hit the quintain with the lance-point, and to dart ahead in time to escape a blow from the bag, which swings around swiftly the moment the mark is struck.

It adds to the fun to ride at the quintain astride of a wooden horse drawn by one or more companions. No truly valiant knight,

whether afoot or on horseback, ever thinks of ducking to avoid the bag. Boys who have the use of real horses can set up a taller stake and use longer poles.

At first sight, this seems a rough game for girls, but it need not be roughly played; and some girls are just as successful in it as many boys are, with quite as much enjoyment of the fun.

A tournament might be managed by setting two stakes opposite each other, with the quintains nearly touching as they stretch over the lists, or runway. Of course, the knights must charge in contrary directions, and the less skillful one runs the risk of being struck by both bags.

The "Letter-Box" boys and girls of Old London may like to know that near the end of the sixteenth century a quintain stood in Cornhill, near Leadenhall. In those rough times, the quintain was shaped like a shield, and the bag was filled with sand.—Yours,
IVANHOE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please let me tell the "Letter-Box" readers about our summer saucers. One day, in the dry season, we filled three flower-pot saucers with water, and placed them in the shade of a lilac-bush near the dining-room window.

Presently a cat-bird came daintily along, stopped at one of the saucers, took a drink, jumped in, and had a glorious bath. No sooner had he gone than a couple of wrens followed his example, and next came a robin red-breast, who made a great fuss.

A tanager and three bluebirds were waiting respectfully for him to finish; but meantime, the cat-bird dried himself and came for another dip. Then there was a general squabble, and a tiny "chippy," taking advantage of the confusion, hopped up and splashed about merrily in the disputed bath. When he had gone, the three bluebirds took each a saucer, and bathed, and spluttered, and refreshed themselves, until Master Robin came up in a great bustle of importance, and they made way for him to take his second bath alone. This, the cat-bird could n't stand, so he came and drove Master Robin away, only to be driven off in his turn a few moments after. And this see-saw went on for some time. When the rivals were satisfied, however, dozens of other birds came and enjoyed the water until roosting-time.

Since that first day, we have added a pudding-dish with a few pebbles in the bottom; and this the larger birds prefer. And we mean to keep our saucers at work as long as the birds stay with us, for it is very pleasant to watch the funny ways of the little feathered fellows, and they do seem to like their baths so much.—Yours truly,
FRANK GREENWOOD.

Frank's plan, we hope, will be widely followed, for it is an excellent one. Not only is it a real kindness to the birds, but it may afford, as in the instance he describes, an opportunity to see a remarkable assortment of various birds, all attracted by the luxury of a "free bath."

THE SAD STORY OF A LITTLE BOY THAT CRIED.

ONCE, a little boy, Jack, was, oh! ever so good,
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,
He cried in the morning and in the twilight;

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom, and grew at the top;
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller,
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last, that same mouth grew so big that—alack!—
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack.

And so this was all that was left of poor Jack:
The great gaping mouth, like a wide-open sack! P. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Late in the dusk of the evening before Thanksgiving Day, around and about our part of Massachusetts, you expect something to happen like this.

There comes a timid knock at the door. You open, and there stands a ragged little girl with a huge basket, and a shawl very thin for the chill November air. She asks, humbly: "Please, ma'am, give me something for Thanksgiving?" Then, even if your store of dainties is not ample, you can't but slip a bit of something extra nice into the big basket. And, as the little shiverer shuffles away, you wish her a pleasant time.

This begging on Thanksgiving Eve is a very old custom around here, and the professional beggars make it a good harvest, I have no doubt. But the village boys and girls look upon it as a chance for fun.

They dress up in ragged old clothes, and limp in twos and threes from house to house, pretending to be beggars. Of course, they

betray themselves pretty often, or are found out, but with a merry laugh, they run off and try their luck elsewhere. If they can coax some dear old lady, who would recognize them at once in broad daylight, to go and fetch them "something for Thanksgiving," the little rogues steal softly after her into the kitchen; and, when the surprise is over, they feast gaily then and there upon the simple gift intended. And, somehow, when they go, they leave behind them a heart almost as cheery as their own.

I send you a rhymed puzzle, based on this mock-begging custom. The answer will be plain enough to those who read my note, but perhaps they may like to puzzle their friends with it. The same twelve letters are omitted from every stanza.—Yours truly,
LILIAN PAYSON.

See through the dust a smart new * * * * *;
Passing a group of peddlers' * * * * *;
Driving the former, a gay young sprig
Strikes with his whip the rattling pans.
Grandma starts from her dozing and * * * * * ing;
But puss by the stove still keeps on blinking.

Next, grandma tries, in the dusk, to * * * * *;
When lo! in the yard three make-believe " * * * * * " !
Noiselessly past the window they flit.
Torn are their garments in tatters and rags.
Grandma's heart is tender and lo * * * * *
Poor beggars like these are surely moving!

Hark! 't is the knocker, "Clang! Clang! Bang!"
Grandma opens the door to see
Standing before her a sorry * * * * * ,
All in a row, not *vis-à-vis* * * * * * .
"Poor little beggars," says Grandma, winking.
"You must be cold and hungry, I'm * * * * * ing.

"Come in, come in, from the frosty * * * * * ."
"Please, ma'am, give us something to eat."
"Peggy," cries Grandma, "quick, bring a light,
And bring apple dumplings and mince pies sweet.
Ah! rogues! I see through your rags and masking,
Nell, Bessie, and May, cold 'actuals * * * * * !"

"How did you know us?" ask Bessie and May.
"How did you know us?" chimes in little Nell.
"How could I help it?" laughs Grandma Gray;
"But why did you beg, dear children, tell?
Surely you need not beg for a living."
"No, no! 't was in fun, for to-morrow's * * * * * ."

Six little cousins write that this Autumn they have "something very hard to do." Their Uncle Ronald, they say, has promised them one dollar for each *perfect pair* of hickory nuts they find. "Every one of us," they add, "intends to find a pair—a perfect pair, in size, color and shape."

Uncle Ronald's dollars are very safe, we think.

THE following beautiful incident will interest all who love birds and little children:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was sitting reading alone in the orchard, one fine afternoon in August, when all this happened which I want to tell you.

Through half-closed eyes I saw, across the white, winding country-road, the gabled cottage home so dear to me.

Suddenly, a tiny form appeared on the porch. It was our golden-haired baby-boy, trying to get away unseen, for a ramble all by himself. He did not see me, so I determined to watch him, and be ready to help in case of need.

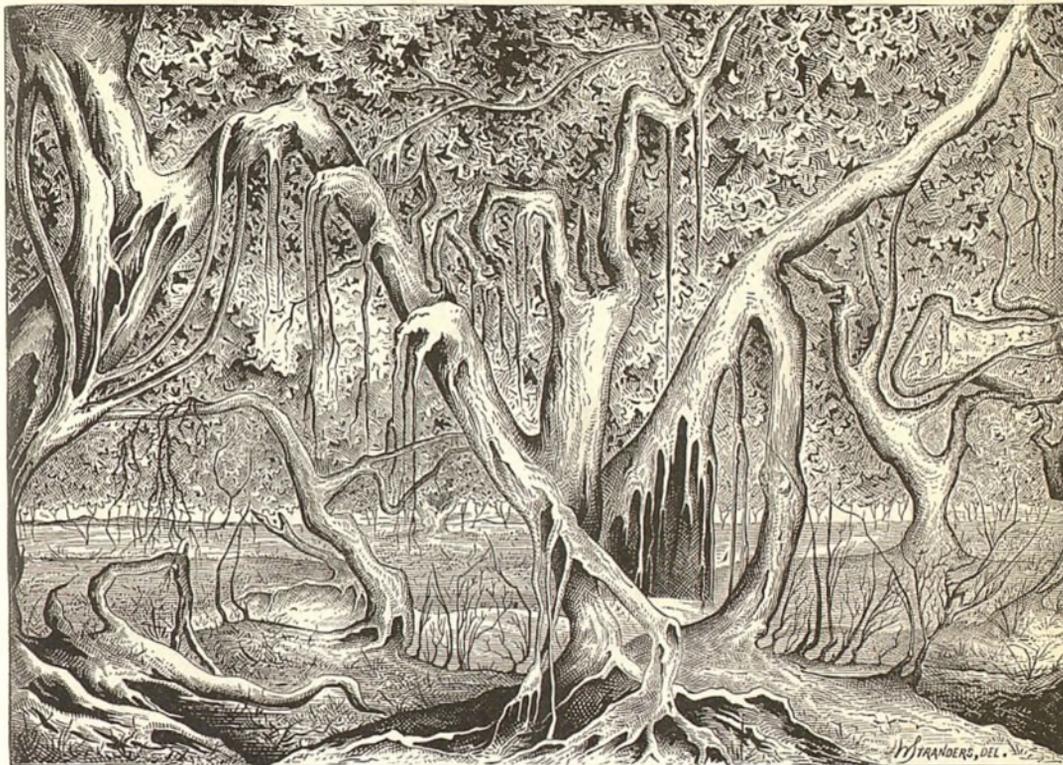
Straight down the path he trotted, and through the gate, without stopping to close it. Across the dusty road—and down upon all fours to creep beneath the orchard bars; up again, and on he came, and I was still unseen behind my tree.

He stopped a few steps off, gazing up with the face and eyes of a little cherub into the branches above me. But on a sudden, the angel vanished and he became a roughish human child. Swaying, all unconscious, upon the lower limb of my tree was a lovely bird, which Baby saw. He stooped, picked up a stone, and poised his little arm in act to throw.

At this instant, a burst of melody bubbled out. Baby's hand was still poised, but now it faltered—slowly fell, and dropped at his side—the pebble slipping down among the grass! The little face was again a cherub's.

Very quietly I asked: "Why did n't you throw it, darling?" Without one look of guilt or start of surprise came Baby's answer: "Tould n't! 'tos he sung so!"—Yours truly,
JEANIE B. ERNST.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



HOW MANY AND WHAT ANIMALS ARE CONCEALED IN THIS PICTURE?

DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID.

.....
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Tarries. 2. A narrow piece. 3. A man's name. 4. Shaves. 5. A small cord. Downward: 1. In wry. 2. Like. 3. A possessive pronoun. 4. A jaunt. 5. A man's name. 6. To shave. 7. To fix firmly. 8. In like manner. 9. In bundles. INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1 and 5 are in schools. 2. To tear. 3. A man's name. 4. Equal value. C. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name of a city of the United States, and the finals name the State of which the city is the capital.
 1. An island belonging to, and lying east of, Massachusetts. 2. The capital of South Australia. 3. A country of Northern Europe. 4. A city yet in existence, which was the early residence of Abraham and David and the patriarchs. 5. "The Queen of the Sea." 6. The capital of one of the United States. 7. A city of France. 8. A city of Switzerland. 9. One of the five great lakes. MARY L. PERRY.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

THIS puzzle is to be answered by one word, the first part of which may be found in the first quotation, and the second part, in the next. The third quotation is merely a hint of the whole word.

- I. "You shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it."
Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 6.
- II. "He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage."
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 7.
- III. "At a farm-house, a-feasting."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 3.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in Hiram, not in Ned," the second "in Nathan, not in Fred," and so on till the two words, of seven letters each, have been spelled.

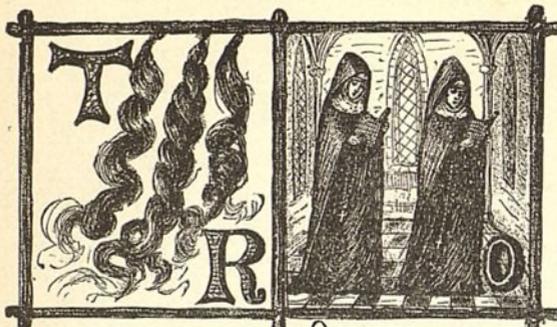
- In Hiram, not in Ned; In nothing, not in less;
- In Nathan, not in Fred; In Cora, not in Bess;
- In funny, not in odd; In hydrant, not in hose.
- In feather, not in rod; A time of life each answer shows. C. D.

RHYMED ANAGRAMS.

THE same eleven letters are omitted from each stanza.

- 1. In winter the sparrow is hungry and ****;
 On crumbs in our gardens he *****.
 Winter starves the poor birdies, and so we must aim
 To save and bring cheer to their lives.
- 2. And when in the spring they have chosen their ****,
 Each brooding o'er birdlings five,
 We'll hail the new-comers, and strew at our gates
 The food that will aid them to *****.
- 3. While the bees in the summer are storing their ****,
 The sparrows still chirrup and chatter;—
 Their crumbs we've forgotten while taking our drives,
 They're hungry, and that's what's the *****!
- 4. When in autumn we harvest the after****,
 Our sparrows are apt to be *****.
 Till the bread has been strewn on the garden path;
 But then they are "gay and festive."
- 5. Which, now, of the seasons do sparrows love best?
 Shall I hint it to you with my rhyme?
 They love the gay summer, the winter detest,
 But rejoice in the rich ***** * * * * * LILLIAN PAYSON.

EASY PROVERB-REBUS.



CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in boot, but not in shoe;
 My second in old, but not in new.
 My third is in look, but not in see;
 My fourth is in insect, but not in bee.
 My fifth is in slippers, but not in feet;
 My sixth is in cold, but not in heat.
 My seventh in aim, but not in hit;
 My eighth is in cat, but not in kit;
 My ninth is in oak, but not in pine;
 My whole names one who is "bound to shine."

H. P.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. Clipped close. 2. Concluded. 3. A disrespectful name for a parent. 4. In November. DOWNWARD: 1. In school. 2. A pronoun. 3. Termination. 4. A man's name. 5. A color. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In debt.

C. D.

METAMORPHOSES.

SEVERAL bright puzzlers have discovered that some of the metamorphoses may be effected in fewer steps than the number given. Since any metamorphosis may be brought about in sev-

eral different ways, it is by no means certain that the maker of the puzzle has discovered the shortest. Who can lessen the number of moves here named as necessary to solve the following metamorphoses?
 1. Change BLACK to WHITE in eight moves. 2. Change LEAD to GOLD in three moves. 3. Change HAPPY to SORRY in eight moves. 4. Change HILL to VALE in three moves. 5. Change BUSH to TREE in seven moves. 6. Change SUMMER to GARDEN in eleven moves. 7. Change SEED to CORN in six moves. WINSOR.

CONCEALED SQUARE-WORDS.

I. Four-letter Base. He clapped his hands, and a very small boy, sitting in a corner of the room, handed rope to him.
 II. Five-letter Base. "Philip, has Ed shoveled the snow? He avoids me because I said, 'Don't leave your tool-case in every one's way! Your elders object.'"

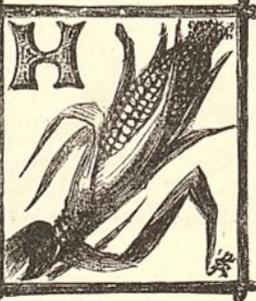
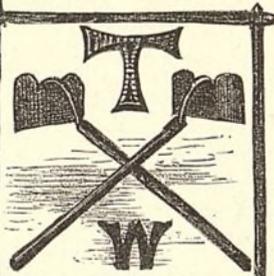
HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRALS: A fabled messenger. ACROSS: 1. A sea-maiden. 2. Severe of manner. 3. An ancient vessel. 4. A consonant. 5. Merriment. 6. The sacred book of an Eastern religion. 7. A species of reed, formerly much used by the Egyptians. TYRO.

CHARADE.

I PRAY you, never be my first;
 I'm sure you wear my second;
 But if you are my whole,
 my girl,
 With scorn you may be reckoned.

M. C. D.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. October.—CHARADE. Pirate.
 PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.
Old Testament, Book of Judges, Ch. xiv., Verse 14.
 TWO ANAGRAMS. 1. John Milton. 2. Mungo Park.
 MALTESE CROSS. Frail—Era—Exert—Gee—Con—Howls—Crags—Age—R.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Autumn—apples. 1. Arabia. 2. UP. 3. ToP. 4. Unusual. 5. MorE. 6. NutS.
 CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Academy.
 SIMPLE SEXTUPLE CROSS. Across: Caravan. Down: Capacity.
 HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Hater—Ere—A—Rid—Soles.

SQUARE WORD. 1. Frost. 2. Rogue. 3. Ogden. 4. Suent. 5. Tents.
 DIAMOND IN A SQUARE. R O B E S
 O V A T E
 B A T H E
 E T H E R
 S E E R S
 EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE. 1. Locomotives. 2. Clove. 3. Stool. 4. Mit. 5. Moose. 6. Mole. 7. Lime. 8. Olive. 9. Colt. 10. Stove. 11. Elm. 12. Ice. 13. Time. 14. Tome. 15. Coil. 16. Comet. 17. Stile. 18. Tiles. 19. Vest. 20. Cot. 21. Vise. 22. Viol. 23. Viol. 24. Mice. 25. Scot.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in September number from "A Wasp, a Bee, and a Fly," Scotland, 5—Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Hanover, Prussia, 2.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 20, from Thomas H. Gambling, 1—Amelia and F. Hull Watson, 1—Bessie Watson, 1—H. W. B., 1—Abie Ray Tyler, 3—Harry A. Howland, 1—J. L., 4—Katie R. Rogers, 2—C. F. and H. L. B., Jr., 4—Lizzie C. Fowler, 4—Ella Piatt, 2—John R. Blake, 2—M. L. K., 5—"Georgia and Lee," 5—D. Lane, 1—A. E. B., 6—Violet, 1—Hattie M. Houghton, 3—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Josie M., 2—W. C. Hawley, 4—John M. Gitterman, 2—"Tom, Dick and Harry," 6—"Lou," 6—E. E. J., 3—Eleanor J. Nixon, 3—Robert Shaw Barlow, 1—Belle Baldwin, 2—Charles E. Barrow, 5—Grace Bigelow, 3—"Herbert," 10—Richard Stockton, 6—Bessie and her Cousins, 8—"U. D.," 4—Gertrude H., 2—"Kismet," 3—Marion S. Dumont, 1—Grace, Hallie and Theodore Richmond, 6—P. S. Clarkson, 9—Dandelion and Clover, 3—Violet, 3—O. C. Turner, 11—Floy Pauline Jones, 1—Little May, 2—Edgar B. Harger, 5—"Castor and Pollux," 10—"Pigtail," 4—"Sicily," 6—Estelle Weiler, 2—"Fern-leaf," 3—Hadley B. Knighton and Lucy C. Gooch, 4—Bessie R. Babbitt, 2—"X. Y. Z.," 7—Mabel Hervey and Marita Libby, 5—Conrad and Frank, 6—C. S., J. A. S., and M. F. S., 7—Will Ruter Springer, 6—Carol and her sisters, 2—Edward Vultee, 9—Philip S. Carlton, 6—"Durden," 3—Florence Leslie Kyte, 8—"Sid and I," 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

